

# Sport Illustrated

A full-page photograph of Steve Carlton in a Philadelphia Phillies uniform, captured in the middle of a pitching motion. He is wearing a light blue jersey with red piping and the number 32, a red cap with a white 'P', and light blue pants with a red stripe. He is holding a baseball in his right hand and a brown leather glove in his left. The background is a blurred green field.

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## MASTERY AND MYSTERY

**Steve Carlton**  
of the Phillies



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## Sideline

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

**COMIC JERRY CLOWER'S ALTERNATIVE  
GAMES COULD BE THE FIRST OLYMPICS**

One of the people I would most like to see have a chance to reconquer the Olympic Games is Jerry Clower, the former Mississippi State football player and fertilizer salesman who now flourishes as a country comedian (SI, April 30, 1973). In a Clowerian Olympics, the competitors would do a lot of yelling: "Woowoo," "Whaw" and "Goodness gracious!" Also, animals would be involved. In his new album, *Ledbetter Olympics* (MCA 3247), Clower reveals that the Ledbetter family, his former neighbors down in East Fork, Miss., have taken it into their heads to host the alternative Olympics. Uddell Ledbetter wants to be in charge of the cockfight.

"Uddell," Clower exclaims, "they don't let you fight no roosters in the Olympics!" Uddell is disappointed to learn this, because he wants to enter Ole Skeets.

Clower can see Uddell's point. "Ole Skeets is some kind of had rooster. I have seen this Rhode Island Red wing-whap a dog and run him right out of the yard."

Another time, Clower recalls, a hawk made the mistake of seizing Ole Skeets by the back and flying off with him to the "top of a hill way over yonder. Skeets whupped that hawk and made him fly him back over there and put him back in that yard."

Roosters aside, the Ledbetters figure that the baptism hole at the East Fork gravel pit will be a good place for the aquatic Olympic events, because there is a sweet gum tree there with "a proper height limb for ever" diver to come off of. "There's also a vine to swing out on and do a 'preacher's seat' off of. A preacher's seat is a kind of dive, or jump, whose virtue is that it makes a particularly satisfying splash. A drawback of traditional Olympic diving, surely, is that nobody wants to make a splash. Isn't a good spa-loosh half the pleasure of entering water?"

This is by no means Jerry Clower's best album, however. It features a good deal of chauvinism and flapdoodle about love and military preparedness. But if I had never heard it I would never have known about the pig-feeding exhibition Jerry witnessed as a boy, which was also attended by "every bank preadent in the county," a "swine specialist," the entire high school band, the recorded voice of "a world-famous star" and "little cheerleaders don't the boll weevil squeal."

I don't see why the Russians expect anybody to show up for an Olympics that doesn't make room for the boll weevil squeal. **END**



# GIFTS OF LIGHT

## **HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON: PHOTOGRAPHER**

**Foreword by  
Yves Bonnefoy**

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## **ANSEL ADAMS YOSEMITE AND THE RANGE OF LIGHT**

**Introduction by Paul Brooks**

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## UPPERS IN BASEBALL: A DOWNER FOR THE NATIONAL PASTIME

Authorities in Pennsylvania confirmed last week that they were investigating the possibility that amphetamines had been illegally prescribed for members of the Philadelphia Phillies and their Eastern League farm team, the Reading Phillies. Newspaper accounts said investigators were trying to determine whether Dr. Patrick Mazza, the Reading club's team physician since 1969, had prescribed quantities of the amphetamine Desoxyn to ballplayers without giving them the medical checkups required by law. The drugs purportedly were delivered to the Philadelphia players by one or more "runners." Mazza, 56, who serves as the team doctor apparently in return only for free admission to Phillie games and the chance to be around the ballplayers, denied the allegations.

Published reports said that others involved in the investigation included Pete Rose, Steve Carlton, Mike Schmidt, Greg Luzinski, Larry Bowa, Larry Christenson and Randy Lerch, all members of the Phillies, and Bowa's wife, Sheena. However, Berks County District Attorney George Yatron subsequently said that Bowa and Schmidt weren't involved in the case, "even innocently." Rose asserted he had never met Mazza and said, "I think they got the wrong guy when they mentioned my name." Christenson and Lerch also denied any wrongdoing and Luzinski declined comment. Carlton was characteristically silent and Phillie broadcaster Tim McCarver chose not to discuss the matter in his story on the pitcher in this magazine (page 22), explaining that as a Phillie employee he wouldn't go beyond a statement by club President Ruly Carpenter acknowledging that unidentified members of the Phillies had been questioned by investigators after having been assured they were "not suspected of any criminal involvement." Carpenter also said that Phillie officials had repeatedly cautioned players about the dangers of drugs.

Such warnings are well advised. In recent months the Dodgers' Bob Welch

has received treatment for alcoholism as has the Royals' Darrell Porter for both alcoholism and drug use. Then there is the specific matter of amphetamines, which are frequently prescribed as an aid in losing weight but can also produce an illusion of prowess that conceivably could give athletes a psychological lift. But they can also cause severe mood changes, hallucinations and delusions, impose a strain on the heart and impair hand-eye coordination and judgment, effects that are especially worrisome in a sport beset by beanball incidents and increased violence. Nevertheless, it is an open secret that amphetamines, commonly known as "greenies" or "uppers," are in wide use among ballplayers and other athletes. In his autobiography, *Catch You Later*, the Cincinnati Reds' Johnny Bench said that in his early years in the majors players used Daprials and other amphetamines, and that Pitcher Gary Nolan "would get a couple of Daps in him and he'd start chirping away, just sitting in the dugout and talking a blue streak. His eyes would get all googly and he wouldn't answer a question, just stay as high as could be and pitch his head off."

Another athlete who has discussed the use of amphetamines is Bench's former Cincinnati teammate Rose. In an interview with Rose published in *Playboy* last September, there was this exchange:

Q. Have you taken greenies?

A. Well, I might have taken a greenie last week. I mean, if you want to call it a greenie. I mean, if a doctor gives me a prescription of 30 diet pills, because I want to curb my appetite, so I can lose five pounds before I go to spring training. I mean, is that bad...?

Q. But would you use them for anything other than dieting?

A. There might be some day when you played a doubleheader the night before and you go to the ball park for a Sunday game and you just want to take a diet pill, just to mentally think you are up...?

Q. Does that help your game?

A. It won't help the game, but it will

help you mentally. When you help yourself mentally, it might help your game.

Q. You keep saying you might take a greenie. Would you? Have you?

A. Yeah, I'd do it. I've done it.

Unfortunately, teams don't always do all they can to curb excessive drug use. Bench wrote that in earlier days the Reds' trainers were well supplied with amphetamines and that "nobody thought twice about passing them out." As for the Phillies, suggestions that Mazza has been similarly free in dispensing amphetamines are by no means his—or the Phillie organization's—first brush with this kind of controversy. There also was the case of Pat Bayless, who had been the Phillies' top minor league pitching prospect until he aggravated a back injury while playing for Reading in 1971. Bayless filed a \$4.6 million negligence suit against the Phillies in 1976, charging that he suffered psychiatric problems caused by overdoses of Butazolidin that Mazza and team trainers had allegedly given him for his back problems. The suit was dismissed last fall, but a deposition taken from Mazza is revealing. He said that although he frequently dispensed Butazolidin to players, he didn't always keep records of prescriptions he wrote, a lapse compounded when he also said he didn't consider Butazolidin a dangerous drug. In fact, *Physicians' Desk Reference* describes Butazolidin as a potent drug that can cause mental problems, bone marrow deficiencies, even death.

In light of Mazza's long association with the Phillies and his central role in the Bayless suit, it was startling to hear Phillie Executive Vice-President Bill Giles say of Mazza last week, "I've never heard his name. I have no knowledge about him." Giles was obviously trying to put some distance between the club and Mazza. But in so doing, he was also conceding, in effect, that Phillie management had been lax in overseeing the organization's medical practices, the sort of failing that can only exacerbate baseball's all too obvious drug problem.

CONTINUED

**CONSOLATION PRIZES**

Because of the Olympic boycott, the U.S. won't be winning any gold medals in the Moscow Games. Still, its Olympic team will be reaping at least some honors. The U.S. Olympic Committee says that the American Olympians will gather in Washington next Saturday for a five-day "Olympics Honors Program" culminating in a dinner at the White House with President Carter and an evening of entertainment at the Kennedy Center. Other planned activities include visits to the National Zoo and riverboat cruises down the Potomac to Mount Vernon.

The festivities in Washington will conflict with the U.S. swimming championships in Irvine, Calif., where an Olympic team will be chosen in that sport (SCORECARD, July 14), so no swimmers will participate. But most other Olympians are expected to attend, as are Olympic coaches and managers—an anticipated 500 people in all. In their disappointment over missing the Olympics, which will then be in full swing, few of the athletes figure to be fully consoled by the speeches, the dinner and the chance to see the monkeys and giraffes at the zoo. But it would have been worse if nothing had been planned to honor the boycotting Olympians. Also in store for the athletes in Washington is a ceremony on the Capitol steps during which all of them—and coaches and managers, too—will receive special gold medals recently authorized by Congress. No silver or bronze medals will be awarded.

**PICKING SIX**

A lot of racetrack operators, harness and thoroughbred alike, are agog over a new betting wrinkle called Pick Six. So are a lot of racetrack customers. Based on a form of exotic betting popular in Mexico and Europe, Pick Six invites bettors to select the winners of six consecutive races. It has helped produce 25%-plus increases in both attendance and handle since it was introduced at California's Hollywood Park on May 1, and similar increases occurred when it went into effect two weeks ago at two suburban Chicago tracks, Arlington and Sportsman's Park. Last week Pick Six got off to a flying start in Atlantic City, and two other New Jersey tracks, Monmouth and The Meadowlands, were on the verge of introducing it. Tracks in New York will soon follow suit and Maryland is also expected to get into the act.

Racing authorities believe that because it involves so many races, Pick Six is less susceptible to fix attempts than such other forms of exotic betting as trifectas and quinellas. Be that as it may, there's no mistaking Pick Six's appeal: it promises astonishing returns on a \$2 bet. Those picking the most winners (usually all six) divide 75% of the total wagering pool, and those selecting the next-highest number of winners (usually five) divvy up the remaining 25%. At Hollywood, where the Pick Six covers the second through the seventh races, there have already been four payoffs exceeding \$300,000, the biggest being \$375,897.80 won on a \$2 bet last month by Howard Pennington, a San Pedro, Calif. gynecologist. In Chicago the payoffs have been smaller but still sizable, notably a \$26,083.80 return on one \$2 bet at Arlington.

Some track officials worry that Pick Six winners may put their loot into something foolish—like their children's education or a new house—rather than reinvest it at the pari-mutuel windows. Also, they fear other fans may eventually lose interest in Pick Six because there are too few winners. Indeed, one of the most valid criticisms of Pick Six is that the odds against winning are so astronomical that hopes for a big return are a cruel illusion. Sportsman's Park will thus begin experimenting on July 28 with Pick Four betting involving four consecutive races instead of six. Pick Four can be expected to produce smaller payoffs but also a greater number of winners, who presumably will be more inclined to keep their winnings "in circulation," as the racetrack people like to put it.

**STRANGE FORCES**

There are probably some deluded souls who think the job of public-address announcers at sports events is to announce. Nonsense. Much of what they have to say even the most casual fan can figure out for himself. What the PA man actually does is to reaffirm, to sanctify, to suffuse events with a sense of ritual. This helps explain the betrayal Philadelphia 76er fans felt over the departure of their colorful PA announcer, 70-year-old Dave Zinkoff (SCORECARD, June 30), who, it turns out, didn't retire voluntarily but was eased out by 76er President Lou Scheinfeld. Stung by the public outcry over that action, Scheinfeld has been taking pains to say that the Zink will be retained as "goodwill ambassador."

A different sort of reminder of the almost mystical role played by announcers came when Carl Yastrzemski showed up the other night in Harwich, Mass. and watched his 18-year-old son Mike play leftfield and hit a home run for the Harwich Mariners in a 15-10 loss to Cotuit in the Cape Cod amateur league. Although many in the crowd of 350 gaped at Yaz, everybody kept a respectful distance. Then, in the fifth inning, PA man Al Gracber announced that the Boston star was at the game, which most folks already knew. Fans rushed forward for autographs, as though the announcement had constituted a dispensation to molest. Yaz was forced to take refuge in the press box, whereupon Gracber, surprised at the strange forces he had unleashed, had the good grace to apologize.

**ON BEATING BJORN**

It's a measure of Bjorn Borg's domination of men's tennis that he has lost just four of the 90-odd matches he has played over the past 15 months. Because Vitas Gerulaitis is the only righthander other than Borg currently ranked among the world's top five players, it isn't surprising that three of those losses were to southpaws—John McEnroe in Dallas in May 1979, Roscoe Tanner in the U.S. Open four months later and Guillermo Vilas in the Nation's Cup in Düsseldorf last May. All right, but who was Borg's fourth conqueror?

No, it wasn't Gerulaitis (who, frustratingly, has never beaten the Swede in 17 matches), nor was it Harold Solomon or John Alexander or any of the other righties you might think of. It was 22nd-ranked Eliot Teltscher of Palos Verdes, Calif. But Teltscher's victory over Borg in the 1979 German Open must be considered something less than a smashing accomplishment: Borg was leading, Teltscher 4-1 in the first set when he suffered a groin pull and defaulted. So if anybody asks you the trivia question "Who was the last righthander to beat Bjorn Borg?" Teltscher's the answer.

**THEY SAID IT**

- Ray Mansfield, former Pittsburgh Steeler center, at a roast for Linebacker Jack Lambert: "I taught Jack a lot—how to tie his shoes, how to brush his fangs."
- Elliott Maddox, New York Met third baseman, describing himself as bilingual: "I have an off-season vocabulary and a during-season vocabulary."

END

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## FORD MUSTANG



**Sports Illustrated**

JULY 21, 1980





A Pterodactyl Fledgling ultralight aircraft is shown in flight over a body of water. The aircraft has a long, slender fuselage and a large, rectangular wing with a purple and yellow color scheme. A yellow rectangular panel is mounted on the rear of the aircraft. The background shows a dark, choppy sea under a cloudy sky.

# IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S A ...

*... Pterodactyl Fledgling, one of those provocative little aircraft known as ultralights that you can fly without a license. Great for chasing after eagles and nudists*

**by BRUCE NEWMAN**

CONTINUED

**E**agle Sarmont is going on a trip. Everybody wave bye-bye to Eagle, it may be the last chance you get. Next month Eagle is planning to fly an ultralight airplane from New York to Paris, after first circling the Statue of Liberty a couple of times, presumably to try to make himself even dizzier. Ultralight, which sounds like a low-calorie beer but isn't, describes a fairly new kind of aircraft that is really little more than a hang glider powered by an engine and driven through the air by a small propeller. Eagle's ultralight is called a Pterodactyl Fledgling by its manufacturer, and he has named it *The Spirit of California*. Eagle is from California. If he doesn't crash, Eagle expects his journey to Paris—with numerous stops along the way—to take 22 days. If he does crash, longer. If he crashes into the Atlantic, Eagle will have to inflate an air mattress he says he'll carry along for just such an emergency. On his aircraft Eagle has written DON'T PILE UP ON ME. Dinosaur humor. Eagle says he expects the trip to entail "long dull hours with moments of terror." Eagle's girl friend Claudine says, "Eagle is the kind of man who thinks of these things, a visionary. And, besides, I told him I wanted to go to Paris." Tough luck, Claudine, the Pterodactyl Fledgling doesn't have a passenger seat. Au revoir, Eagle. How you say? Kiss it goodbye.

Though the future may have great

things in store for Eagle Sarmont, for the time being he is still a mere minion in the rapidly expanding ultralight airplane movement. Thousands of the powered gliders have been designed and sold during the past two years, many of them constructed from mail-order kits by enthusiastic amateurs. Almost all of them are unlicensed, unregulated and unloved by the FAA. Last weekend a dozen of the small planes descended upon Perris, Calif., 75 miles east of Los Angeles, for the Jack Fox Invitational Fly-In. It was what you might call a gathering of Eagles, though Sarmont himself was home in Santa Cruz studying up on how to say "The Eagle has landed" in French. At dawn on Saturday the first two-stroke engine sputtered noisily to life, and as morning gave way to afternoon, the sky

hummed with activity, and Perris became the City of Ultralights.

There was a breezy informality about the event that's still fairly typical of the sport. Walter Kole, who has a Quicksilver ultralight plane dealership and training school in San Diego, spent the morning putting most of the six Quicksilvers on hand through a series of looping turns, power dives and sudden climbs. During the afternoon he swapped yarns with the other flyers. "I had a student just yesterday who hit a 1,500-volt power line," said Kole in an offhand way, "but he just bounced off and sheared a tree and ran into a house. There was fire all around, and the guy just walked away. These things are really durable."

Durability is a virtue required not only of the machine, but often of the person



A canard wing sprouts from the front of an Eagle

A yank of the cord and Sarmont's Wing wings it



in it as well. John Moody of Milwaukee caught the imagination of glider enthusiasts back in 1977 when he hooked a 12-hp McCulloch go-kart engine to the back of his Icarus II hang glider and demonstrated his new hybrid aircraft at the Experimental Aircraft Association's annual fly-in in Oshkosh, Wis. Paul Yarnall, who runs Finger Lakes Airports at the Canandaigua Airport in upstate New York, had already survived several hang-gliding crashes when he saw Moody put on his demonstration at Oshkosh. "It blew my mind," Yarnall recalls. "I ordered my kit that day."

Also galvanized by Moody's historic

1977 demonstration was a young engineer, Bill Adaska of Dallas. "We looked into the sky and the first person we saw was John Moody," Adaska says. "If the sport has a father, it's Moody. At least he's a living father. Some of the other folks have passed away in their efforts to promote the ultralight movement."

Many of the early designs simply took a popular delta-shaped Rogallo hang-gliding wing and added an engine at the back. The results weren't always satisfactory. One designer died in front of a large California air-show crowd when the tail

The Rally is only one of dozens of ultralight models that have recently been turned out by designers with widely varying degrees of skill. Although they began as modified hang gliders, the little craft have lately begun to look and behave more and more like small planes. Some, in fact, bear a striking resemblance to the machines guys like Orville Wright and Glenn L. Curtiss flew 75 or so years ago. When flown in light (15 or less mph) wind conditions—much heavier winds than that make these 150-to-200-pound vehicles almost unairworthy—a typical



The 147-pound Quicksilver costs only \$3,000



The Lasez shows off its hang glider ancestry



Larry Mauro pilots his Easy Rider, one of the most popular ultralights, over hills south of San Jose

of his ultralight came loose, and another of the early models was configured in such a way that it was forever doing Cuisinart jobs on the toes of pilots unwise enough to fly it. "It's only been in the past two years that we've become credible," admits Adaska, who is now the president of Roetc Engineering Inc., which produces the popular Rally.

ultralight can cruise along at 30 or 40 mph. They burn only a gallon of gas an hour, carry about three gallons of fuel, cost only \$3,000 to \$4,000, require no pilot's license or aircraft registration and can be put together using hand tools in garage or basement. And after a hard day's flying, an ultralight's wings can be folded, the engine unhitched and the

whole thing strapped to the top of a car. For those who dream of joining the birds, it's an inexpensive, fun and relatively safe way to sprout wings.

The term ultralight was popularized by the manufacturers of the new craft, who wanted to create a distinction between their sport and hang gliding, which had a fairly dismal safety record. But the differences were more than just semantic. Five years ago Ed Sweeney of Reno crashed his hang glider into a mountain. "If you fly a hang glider, you have to take off from a ridge or a mountain," says Sweeney, who now manufactures the twin-engine Humbug, "and once you step off into space you're committed—it's a one-way trip."

"The essence of the sport is that you've got an airplane that will fly to a desired altitude, where you can shut the engine off, cruise around in the thermals like a hang glider, then turn it back on and fly home," says Adaska. Almost all of the ultralights are powered by pusher-mounted 15-to-25-hp engines, adapted from chain saws, snowmobiles or go-karts. They are usually easy to restart with a quick pull of a cord, even in mid-flight.

Southern Californian Mark Hays, for one, almost never shuts his engine off

continued



*Cantilevered out in front of his fuselage, Don Williams soars over desert scrub near Perris, Calif.*

#### IT'S A... contest

once he gets in the air. Hays puts on spectacular aerial displays over outdoor stadiums, rigging his Eagle (no relation to Sarmont) ultralight with sequential strobe lights on the wings, fireworks on the wing tips and a device that shoots fireballs off the nose of the undercarriage. At a celebration marking the 25th anniversary of Hawaiian statehood, Hays filled a Honolulu stadium with mirrors and then set up lasers so that the light would crisscross the field while Hays spiraled in, rockets ablaze, and simulated a crash landing. "Another time I put on an impromptu show at a nudist colony in San Bernardino for the Miss Nude America contest," he says. "They wanted me to fly in the nude, which I refused to do, if for no other reason than it would have been too cold. It turned out to be a good thing I kept my clothes on because I had an engine failure and had to land in the middle of a cow pasture in front of a bunch of red-neck cowboys."

Engine failure is a fairly common occurrence, but unless it happens so close to the ground that the pilot has no chance to find a suitable landing site, it should cause no real problem. Most ultralights can easily set down on a beach or golf course and roll to a stop in the space of 75 feet, and rarely do they need more than 50 feet to take off. In ideal conditions this gives a good ultralight pilot (and absence of FAA regulations aside, the best way to become a good—

and alive—ultralight pilot is to start out by taking a training course) the maneuverability of a gull.

"Sometimes you'll be flying along the beaches," says Terry Cunningham, a Pterodactyl pilot from Palo Alto, Calif., "and these beautiful nude women will be jumping up and down waving at you. They're quite surprised when I suddenly drop down to the beach and land. Often they lose some of their enthusiasm and say, 'I didn't know you could land.'"

Recently a group of Northern California ultralight flyers staged an 82-mile efficiency race from Half Moon Bay to Monterey to see who could go the fastest and use the least gas. Cunningham's Sachs engine gave out as he was cruising at 35 mph along the shoreline, and he landed easily on a secluded beach. "While I was standing there, a guy came up and asked me if I wanted to use his phone," says Cunningham. "I called one of the race organizers and gave him my location, and then while I was waiting to be picked up this guy served me a champagne brunch. It was tasty, and to be honest I was pretty disappointed when the rescue truck showed up so soon. I hadn't even finished my endive salad." How very inconsiderate.

The winner of the speed category in that race was Steve Patmont of Pleasanton, Calif., whose Mitchell Wing has a top speed of 65 mph. Patmont's plane is plywood coated with a clear plastic called Ceconite, has a wingspan of 35 feet and no tail. The Mitchell Wing has a stick

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCE STREAMO

that controls the plane's ailerons, foot pedals to operate rudder fins at each wing tip and a throttle to control airspeed. That's pretty sophisticated. Like hang gliders, most ultralights are maneuvered largely by the pilot's shifting his weight: he bends forward, the nose goes down; he leans left, the plane banks left.

Patmont's uncle was a P-47 Thunderbolt pilot during World War II. Four years to the day before Patmont was born, his uncle was killed in action. Patmont's aunt, who says she is a psychic, now believes that her nephew is really her husband. Perhaps as a small hedge against that possibility, Patmont wears an old Army Air Corps leather helmet



*Tradition revived: flying by the seat of the pants.*

and motorcycle goggles, which, grinning rakishly, he pulls down over his eyes as he guns his snowmobile engine on takeoff.

The one thing Patmont can't do, rakishly or otherwise, is foot-launch his plane, which is practically the only thing the FAA requires that one be able to do with an ultralight to escape the unspeakable horror of government regulation. Almost all of the ultralight airplanes now being designed have fixed landing gear that make foot-launching not only unnecessary but nearly impos-

sible. The manufacturers have gotten around the rule by simply claiming foot-launch capability. To be sure, some of the craft are light enough for a strong pilot to strap onto his back and stagger off into the wind, but in practice few do. It's a cute game, and the FAA—which has problems enough without worrying about the headache of regulating ultralights—seems happy to play along.

The one thing the FAA won't brook is having unlicensed pilots in uncertificated aircraft flying around in controlled airspace. "If we have ultralight people flying into 727s," says Adaska, "then I think the sport will be short-lived." Not to mention the ultralight folks in ques-

Kitty Hawk, N.C. last year. On the way, McCormack and his flying companion Keith Nicely took their ultralights up to a remarkable 16,000 feet in order to clear the Grand Tetons. It probably says something about the kind of regulations that ultralight flyers are eager to avoid that when McCormack arrived at Kitty Hawk, the cradle of aviation, he wasn't allowed to land on the airstrip where the press awaited him, and was shunted off to a nearby golf course. If the Wright Brothers were to invent the airplane in Kitty Hawk today, they would no doubt be required by statute to do it at someplace other than the airport their discovery made inevitable.

cron wing and the engine—is the pilot's seat. "It's a strange feeling to begin with," says Williams, "but after you get comfortable with the ship, it's great. It's like you're going through space with no visible means of support, and it gives you a real feeling of floating. The first time I got in it I thought, 'This is great,' but when I went up, I had to grab a strut behind me until I began to feel more comfortable.

"I guess the nicest sensation I've ever had in the air was when I was chasing some eagles. They'll let you come up to within 20 or 30 feet behind them, and they'll even look back over their shoulders at you. But they won't let you catch up with them, and if you try to get too close, they'll just peel right off and be gone. That kind of flying makes a man feel primitive. We have a lot to learn."



*Ed Sweeney's Humbug cruises over farmland near San Jose at a leisurely 30 mph, lands at only 17*

tion. There has already been one incident, in 1978, that the FAA became fairly exercised about. "One of these fellows with a motorized hang glider decided to pull up and land at LAX [Los Angeles International Airport] just for the thrill of it," says Art Jones of the FAA's Washington office. "He ended up in the slammer. It's a very free-spirited bunch."

Just how spirited has already been demonstrated by such ultralight pioneers as Jack McCormack, the 32-year-old Pterodactyl Fledgling manufacturer, who flew from his home in Carmel, Calif. to

An ultralight airplane has already traversed a continent, and soon Eagle Sarmon and others will be attempting to cross the Atlantic. But last week at the Perris fly-in, while Quicksilver pilots danced back and forth like marionettes in their slings as they controlled their ultralights, Don Williams, the manufacturer of the Hummer design and a pilot from Phoenix, talked about a different kind of eagle. The 170-pound Hummer's fuselage is a 17-foot length of aluminum irrigation pipe, and at the end of it—well out in front of the da-

*Hit by the Red Baron? No, just a smoke canister.*



# A GIRL WHO'S JUST ONE OF THE GUYS

Let the history of basketball, no, the history of civilization, record that last Monday night, with 1:06 left in the first half of a New York Pro Summer League game between the Gailyn Packers and Ka-Har-Lyn at Xavier High School in Manhattan, 6' 4" Al Skinner, late of the Philadelphia 76ers, fouled 5' 10" Nancy Lieberman, formerly of the Old Dominion Lady Monarchs, because she had him beat to the inside. Lieberman went to the line and sank a pair. Two small free throws for woman, two giant free throws for womankind.

Granted the New York Pro Summer League isn't the NBA. But it isn't the 10 a.m. pickup game at the Y either. Notable pros such as Nate Archibald, Ray Williams, Mitch Kupchak, Lloyd Free and Marvin Barnes drop by to mix it up with the likes of old smoothies Harthorne Nathaniel Wingo and Dean Meminger, as well as borderline performers such as Tony Price, late of Penn, and Edgar Jones, formerly of Nevada-Reno. Some

*Nancy Lieberman is holding her own in a tough summer league that includes some NBA players* **by STEVE WULF**

of the players are merely staying in shape, some are trying to set themselves up for one last shot at the big time, and others are auditioning for a spot on an overseas team. Their common denominators are that they each receive the standard salary of two cold sodas after every game and they are all male.

So what's a nice girl like Lieberman doing in a league like this? The original scenario had her becoming America's sweetheart at the end of this month as she led the U.S. women's basketball team to an Olympic gold medal. The boycott ruined that. Plan B began to evolve last month when Paul Williamson, a principal in a Manhattan real estate firm and one of the founders of the fledgling league, suggested to Lieberman's agent,

Matt Merola (who numbers among his clients Reggie Jackson and Tom Seaver), that she join the league to improve her skills and to keep in shape during the off-season.

In her first game, Lieberman played about eight minutes for the Bronx Celtics, who are not to be confused with the Boston ones. "Me and my midgets," is what Coach Floyd Layne calls them. Layne, another of the league's founders and the coach at CCNY, agreed to take Lieberman after a two-hour tryout. She was hesitant to shoot in her first game and didn't score, but she did have two assists and four rebounds. She was a little more comfortable in her second outing, scoring seven points with five



assists. She even in-your-faced Geoff Huston, who played with the Knicks last year and is now the property of the expansion Dallas Mavericks. "She's a lot better than some of the guys in the NBA," said Huston, being a bit hyperbolic. Still, Archibald says, "She's not a woman out there, she's a player."

Unfortunately, Lieberman wasn't getting much playing time on a team that already had guards Archibald, Free and Earl Monroe on its roster, so after her second game she was traded—given, actually—to the Gailyn Packers, who needed backcourt help. It was in her first appearance with them last week that she showed she really belonged. She started the game, and within moments she was trying to stop 6' 8" Kevin Hemans from driving to the basket. Soon thereafter she was called for an offensive foul, for hooking her left elbow into 6' 5" George Johnson's chest. Un-



*Chivalry still lives. Lieberman leads a hand to a thankful Bo Jackson*



Lieberman gave up lots of height to the likes of Skinner (31), whom she nonetheless took to the hoop

like Ann Meyers, who had an NBA try-out last fall, Lieberman is a physical player, which annoyed Johnson, who played for C.W. Post. "She was hand-checking me the whole game," he says. "I finally had to shove her away, and I didn't like doing that."

After her foul, Lieberman promptly picked up a loose rebound and led a fast break the length of the floor, feeding Kelvin Hicks, a sixth-round draft pick of the Knicks out of New York Tech, for the basket. She also missed three shots, but she made up for her inaccuracy by drawing a non-shooting foul from Johnson and again getting the ball in to Hicks. Lieberman played the entire 10 minutes of the first quarter before Coach Teddy Jones sat her down. With two minutes left in the half, she reentered the game, and that's when she was fouled by Skinner. Her free throws helped the Packers to a 43-40 halftime lead.

Lieberman started the third quarter, and almost immediately beat Skinner on a nice drive that began at half court and ended with a little underhanded layup. The next four points came off a pair of Lieberman-to-Hicks passes, and when she came out to a unisex ovation in the third quarter, Gaillyn led 58-52. She didn't come back in again until, with three minutes to play, the Packers were behind 87-86. This time, obviously pressing, she missed three shots as Gaillyn lost 98-95. Lieberman finished with four points, five assists and three rebounds.

"She was a pleasure," said teammate George Cooper, who in the winter performs for the minor league Allentown Jets. "She put one move on Skinner, whew!"

"She plays with a lot of confidence," said Skinner. "She's a real nice passer, and she knows the basics. There are a lot of guys in training camps who don't

play that well. But you have to remember, we were being a little courteous out there. Still, if she can psych us out like that, hey, that's O.K."

"This is going to help me become better," says Lieberman, who was the No. 1 choice in May's Women's Professional Basketball League draft. "All through junior high and high school I played against guys, and when I got to Old Dominion I was that much better than the other freshmen. But in college I played 80% of the time against women, and the gap between my ability and everyone else's seemed to narrow."

In the meantime, she's a welcome member of the Packers. "She's our best passer," says Jones. "She's thinking pass first, shoot second, and those kind of guys (smile) are hard to find. I'm happy to have her."

Jones won't have her around that often, though. Despite the Olympic boycott, Lieberman has a busy summer planned. She is still living in Virginia, so she commutes to New York, both to play and to help Archibald do the commentary on ESPN telecasts of summer basketball. She's working on an instructional book, and last week she was coaching at a camp near Boston run by, of all people, the NFL Players Association. Lieberman is also a newly signed member of the Spalding—or "Spalden," as she says, lapsing into her Queens accent—advisory staff. She'll have her own autographed ball out soon, which is another first for a woman.

Merola is busy hammering out a contract with the Dallas Diamonds, the WBL team that picked Lieberman. He is asking for \$100,000 for next season. The Diamonds are saying, sure, deferred over 30 or 40 years. "Somebody asked me if I thought \$100,000 wasn't a lot of money," says Lieberman. "I don't want to seem greedy, but every other star in women's sports is making \$400,000. I'm not saying I can do what Nancy Lopez or Tracy Austin does, but then Tracy doesn't have to hit backhands with an elbow in her face, either."

So until the WBL season starts, she remains one of the boys, except in one respect. Says her backcourt partner on the Packers, Carl Winfree, "After a good play, I pat her on the butt. Usually, you tap a guy on the butt, but with Nancy, I have to remember not to go below the waist."

# LEFTY HAS THE RIGHT APPROACH



*A batterymate turned Boswell gives the inside pitch on why silent Steve Carlton has a shot at 30 victories this season*

**by TIM MCCARVER  
with JIM KAPLAN**

**W**hen I was asked to write a story about my old batterymate and good buddy Steve Carlton, I was at first reluctant to accept. I'm the guy who supposedly made him click—he was 77-41 when I caught him in 1976-79—but now that I've become one of the broadcasters for the Phillies, he's pitching better than ever. Some way to treat your patron saint.

Actually, I'm happy to set the record straight. I may have helped Lefty but I certainly didn't create him. His career record is 239-162, he has struck out more men (2,841) than any lefthander in history and he's now gunning for his third Cy Young Award with his third Philadelphia catcher. John Bateman handled him most of 1972 (27-10, 1.98), I worked with him in 1977 (23-10, 2.64), and Bob Boone's doing a terrific job this year (14-4, 2.21). But I think Lefty could win 20 games pitching to a backstop.

He's one of baseball's biggest—6' 5"—and best pitchers. He's also an independent cuss, as I learned very early in our relationship. The first time I caught him was when we were with the Cardinals in spring training in 1965. Back then I was a newly established star—I'd hit 478 in the World Series the previous fall—and he was just coming up. He went four innings and allowed maybe two runs and five hits. Not a bad March performance for a rookie. Afterward Dick Groat, Ken Boyer and Bill White were at the sink shaving and I was headed there. Lefty came over to me and said, "Hey"—he didn't call me by my name—"hey, you've got to call more breaking pitches when we're behind the hitter." Well, that really blew my mind. I backed him up against the wall and said, "You sonofabitch. You got a lot of guts telling me that. What credentials do you have?" Lefty turned red, as he often does. The next day we

*Lefty likes to keep his feelings to himself, but even he has to smile about the big season he's having*



both felt bad. I apologized, but he didn't.

That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Once we drove across country to go elk hunting. It was 5,500 miles, and we must have argued for 2,750 of them. About everything. Our disagreements are basic because I'm realistic and Lefty's idealistic. But even if we hardly ever agree, we're completely honest with each other. And that's why we get along.

Even though I'm no longer playing professional ball—for the first time since 1959—a part of me is still down there on the field with Lefty. I'm cranked up for every game, especially his, pulling for him and calling the pitches along with Boonie. It gave me special pleasure a couple of weeks back when Lefty threw nothing but sliders the first time he faced Montreal's Bob Pate. That's what I would have called. But there's no substitute for being there. Because I'm so far from the action, I watch Lefty on the TV monitor. If the centerfield camera shows his pitches breaking sharply, I know he's on. When they weren't breaking recently against Montreal, I knew he was in trouble, and I said so on the air early in the game. He went on to lose 6-1.

But obviously he hasn't been in trouble very often. He's nearly three weeks ahead of his 27-win pace of 1972, and he has a good shot at 30. He's leading the majors with 158 strikeouts—and he's lasted six or more innings in every start. Not bad for an old man of 35 who won "only" 18 and 16 games the last two years. In two of his starts this season he's been sensational. He threw 4½ perfect innings against the Giants on June 9, and if the game hadn't been delayed twice by rain, for a total of five hours, he might have thrown his first no-hitter. Instead, he was removed at the end of the sixth. And on May 5 he no-hit the Braves for 7½ innings—this time I was positive he had one—before stopping them on one run and three hits.

In all honesty, I blame him for only one careless mistake all season—walking the Reds' Tom Seaver, who scored the tying run in a Phillie defeat on May 10. With Lefty pitching, the Phillies are contenders. Without him, they're a fourth-place club with a losing record. It's interesting that Lefty got more votes than

anybody else when the players gave their All-Star choices to *The New York Times*.

Lefty isn't like other pitchers who fall apart in their 30s because they lose their fastball and have nothing else to depend on. Even a good fastball needs a breaking pitch to complement it. Well, Lefty has so much confidence in his favorite pitch, a hard slider, that he establishes it early in a game and throws it with a 2-0 or 3-1 count. With his powerful grip, he throws what we call a "tight" slider because it spins tightly, like a gyroscope. And because it's thrown so hard, it breaks and drops. That's why it's baseball's best and is particularly effective against free swingers.

Lefty's slider confuses the hitters because it acts like a fastball until the last instant. He probably gets more check-swing strikeouts than any pitcher in baseball history. When batters do swing, they often find themselves chasing a pitch that winds up in the dirt.

The Phillies have never measured the speed of Lefty's fastball with a JUGS gun, but to me that doesn't mean very much

anyway. Unless you're Nolan Ryan or J.R. Richard, you don't get people out on velocity alone. Speed is a distant third in importance to location and movement. Lefty may have lost a yard on his fastball, but he's still got great movement. His fastball jumps late, the way Sandy Koufax' did. Lefty gets that jump when he throws "inside" the ball. That means as he comes over the top and releases the ball, his hand follows through across his body, his left palm turned outward. When his palm turns inward, his fastball dies. Lefty's other pitch, the curve, is so slow that it resembles a change of pace with a sharp drop. But it's not just a matter of the ball being up or down. Lefty gets righthanded hitters out by keeping his fastball and slider on the inside corner and his curve on the outside.

Because Lefty gets so much late action on his pitches, batters are better off waiting on him than being aggressive. The Mets, whose hitters usually just make contact, have beaten Lefty twice this year—by the whopping scores of 3-0 and 3-2—and have a winning lifetime re-

*continued*



When Scott (left) and Steve (right) go out to Veterans Stadium the whole family has a field day.



McCarver is still plugged into the Phillie scene

**STEVE CARLTON** *continued*

ord against him (27-24). But their approach isn't foolproof. You can't wait for Lefty to walk you. They say a 3-to-1 strikeout-walk ratio is excellent, but Lefty's is almost 4-1 after subtracting intentional passes. He has struck out 158 men and unintentionally walked only 42 this year. So he creates a Catch-22. If a batter takes Lefty's pitches, he falls behind in the count and has to start chasing bad ones. If he swings freely, he doesn't get anything good to hit.

Lefty's also effective because he's such a fast worker. My broadcasting colleague Harry Kalis swears that he once came back on the air following a between-innings commercial to discover that Lefty had two outs on the scoreboard and a fly ball in the air for a third. This quick tempo has a galvanizing effect on the team. Mike Schmidt and Larry Bowa play well behind him because he keeps them on their toes.

Mistakes don't bother Lefty at all. Nothing does. He goes to the mound with cotton plugs in his ears and acts like Bjorn Borg—all concentration, staring straight

ahead. He throws "through" the batter, not to the batter. And you almost never see him talk to teammates or complain to umpires.

Lefty does more than just pitch. He helps himself with his bat and pickoffs. Although he's been in a slump this year, he's a very good hitter for a pitcher. Lefty has a lifetime average of .204, with nine homers and 102 runs batted in, and in 1978 he hit as high as .291. His pickoff move is so deceptive that Andre Dawson of the Expos told me in an interview that he has no idea when Lefty's throwing home or going to first. Lefty does have a problem fielding his position, though. Because his follow-through takes him toward third, he has difficulty covering first.

Lefty's strength and durability—since 1970 he has worked right at 250 or more innings every year, including 346 in '72—are the result of a strenuous training program that could kill a lesser man. I know because I've tried it and it almost killed me. Lefty works as many as 2½ hours a day with Gus Hoedling, the Phillies' strength and flexibility expert. Gus is a sweetheart of a guy even if he has practiced martial arts for 27 years and calls himself "violent." Phillie owner Ruly Carpenter won't let him on the field during fights. Lefty and Gus go through all kinds of exercises—stretching, weights, isometrics, hand-to-hand kung fu. Gus describes what happens during the workouts this way: "Every muscle in the body, including the heart, almost reaches momentary failure." In one of the more exotic drills, Lefty twists one of his hands into a three-foot-deep bucket of rice. When he reaches the bottom, he does several complete rotations with his wrist and twists upward. In another drill Lefty extends his arms downward and pushes down on the heels of his hands while raising his fingers. Sometimes he does this 49 times in honor of Kwan Gong, a revered Chinese martial artist, who was 49 when he died.

Gus works on the brain as much as the body. "The brain initiates every motion but the heartbeat," he says. "When you reach exhaustion, you have to think deeper." By pushing Lefty to exhaustion, Gus says he increases Lefty's performance to a rare 50% of potential. Gus doesn't believe anyone's capable of anything close to 100%, not even Lefty.

However, Lefty's dedication is as close to 100% as anybody's can get. You'd

have to hold a gun to Lefty's head to get him out of his hotel room the night before a start. Working out is a religion to him. He's a vegetarian who lectures on the evils of chocolate ice cream and cigarettes.

As decisive as Lefty is about pitching and physical conditioning, surprisingly he can't make up his mind about other matters. He'll stammer and stutter and delay and back up. He never has post-game plans. He is so indecisive he doesn't even know when to send his laundry out.

He's a very paradoxical guy. He doesn't spend much time signing autographs, but I once saw him work an hour after a clinic helping a kid with his pitching delivery. He says he's almost moved to tears when he sees a crucifix, but he believes in no organized religion. My producer Steve Silverman says the greatest paradox may be that Lefty's one of the nicest guys you'll ever meet, but no one knows it. Actually, many of the paradoxes can easily be explained away. If something matters to Lefty, he'll be obsessive. He's that way about fine wines, to which he attributes metaphysical qualities dating back to before Christ. If he doesn't care about something, like explaining himself to the press, he won't bother.

Unlike many pitchers, he's not afraid of losing, because he considers failure to be a steppingstone to success. He never admits to throwing a bad pitch. When he sits in the trainer's room going over the hitters, he just thinks of the guys he gets out. He's taken note of the guys who hit him and made mental adjustments, but he doesn't dwell on them.

Lefty reads widely in psychology and Eastern philosophy, things like Taoism and Buddhism. I understand many Eastern thinkers don't think of experiences as positive or negative, just useful. Lefty's like that. He acts the same after every game, win or lose. He's as conscientious about his preparation between starts as he is his pitching. Nothing in life overwhelms him, probably because he believes in reincarnation. He sees life as a journey, and when this one ends, another one begins.

Lefty wasn't always this calm. After his great 1972 season he went into a three-year slump. Arm trouble had a lot to do with it, but he was also confused. In 1972 he had spilled out his philosophy to reporters and probably given too much of himself. When things went bad

in 1973, writers began ridiculing him and his philosophy.

Lefty began having trouble with Boonie that same year. This is no knock on Boonie, because this was his first full year in the majors, but when he'd call for a pitch that Lefty didn't like, Lefty would question it all through his delivery. Philadelphia signed me in 1975 to catch Lefty because I'd worked with him in St. Louis and he respected me. Now that Lefty respects Boonie, they get along fine. If Boonie calls for something Lefty doesn't want, he'll convince himself it's the right call and give it his best anyway.

Lefty has no use for insincere conversation—how's your family and all that. The more the media build up a game, the more Lefty plays it down. That's the sign of a champion. You don't want to suffer "paralysis through analysis," as Gene Mauch says. Lefty doesn't feel he's facing Tom Seaver, he feels he's facing the Reds. He doesn't give a hoot about records or awards. Earlier this year he broke Robin Roberts' record for most career strikeouts by a Phillies pitcher. The next day he called Chris Wheeler, the team's assistant director of publicity, and said, "What was that record I broke? Some lady wants me to write it on a ball." When he won the Cy Young Award in 1977, he was traveling with his family in Montana and didn't care whether he was reached or not.

Lefty just doesn't worry about his public image. He's been in a few bars in his time, and I've often been with him. Look, we're in a high-visibility business. You go out with the troops and have some drinks, someone recognizes you and gets nasty, and something happens. But Lefty's mellowed. He drinks nothing but beer and wine. I've slowed down, too. That doesn't mean we won't occasionally go out and get hammered. I wouldn't want to spoil our reputation.

Lefty has a terrific sense of humor. Like we'll be on the golf course and he'll say, "Ninety percent of all putts that are short never go in." Well, maybe you had to have been there, like the time the team bus was traveling through a crowded street in Manhattan and he looked up from some deep book and screamed, "Stop bree-ding!" The way he said it through clenched teeth made him sound just like Kirk Douglas.

I guess it's hard to imagine a stand-offish guy being compassionate, but that's

Lefty. He's devoted to his wife Bev and their sons Steve and Scott. When the Phillies asked him to write his "biggest turnoff" in the yearbook, he said lack of consideration. (The press, of course, will find this ironic.) He'll take himself out of a one-sided shutout so that another pitcher can get work. There's no more popular guy on the team.

One winter in Montana we were snowed in at a lodge appropriately called The Hole in the Wall. An old guy with maybe three teeth was sitting in the corner. He was somehow chewing tobacco, and the tobacco-juice stain on the side of his face had been there so long it looked like another wrinkle. Well, at about 8 p.m. the owner began playing the accordion. Lefty, who hadn't said a word since 11 a.m., jumped up and asked the old-timer to dance. They must have danced the polka for an hour. I bet the

old fellow hadn't had so much fun in his life.

Lefty's basically a simple guy, if you discount his wines and Mercedes and lavish home. I think when his baseball days are over he'll disappear into the Burgundy vineyards for 10 years. I know he really enjoyed his visit there last winter.

I've enjoyed being Lefty's Boswell. I don't pretend to be impartial about the guy. He's one of my best friends, and he added four years on my career. Now, I'm happy to say, there may be a fifth. In 1959, when I was 17, I reported to the Cardinals for a cup of coffee. I stayed for dinner. When the Phillies expand their roster this September, they'll give me the chance to be the first modern catcher to play in four decades. I'll probably just pinch-hit. I wouldn't want to break up Lefty's happy marriage to Boonie. But I'll be there if he needs me.

END

Carlton rose to the occasion when he got a standing O for breaking the career K record for lefties



# Detour on the High Road

How history will judge the Olympic boycott remains to be seen, but indisputably the athletes who might have represented the 62 boycotting nations have made a unique personal sacrifice. That sense of loss is particularly sharp in this country, a nation heretofore at the forefront of the Olympic movement and unofficial winner of 13 of the 18 previous Games. As the Moscow Games open Saturday, no team will march in behind the Star-Spangled Banner. Whether one supports the

boycott or opposes it, that is a somber fact indeed. And for the athletes who might have competed but will not, pro-boycott and anti-boycott alike, 1980 will be a year of nullity and bleakness. For some, there may be another chance four years hence in Los Angeles; for others, there will never be another chance. Here, in pictures and words, we offer an appreciation of four Americans, symbolic of all who might have been Olympians, and the tortuous path to the Games a fifth has taken.



*Peter Schnugg has twice made the Olympic water polo team, but never the Games. He's had it with trying. He has an MBA and is marketing a charcoal lighter as he starts his business career.*





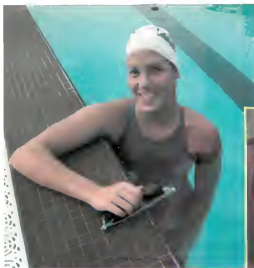
*Anthony Sandoval juggled his studies so that he would have time to train for the marathon, but his town in New Mexico needs a doctor, and he is torn between completing medical school and taking a chance on 1984*



*Johnny Bumpus planned to follow in the footsteps of gold medalist Sugar Ray Leonard. Instead, he is a prison deputy shopping for a manager who will take on just another good amateur who thinks he can be champ*



CONTINUED



*Sullivan Award winner Tracy Caulkins saw Moscow as the highlight of her swimming career, although she is still in high school. Los Angeles 1984 means she will have four more years of hard training—and rigorous dieting.*



*Bill Rea missed making the 1972 Olympic team by a narrow margin. He missed again in '76. Now, by an accident of birth, our sixth-ranked long jumper will be in Moscow competing for Austria. He could win a medal.*



## ANTHONY SANDOVAL

*"It's harder to accept the boycott when you know it's really you who would be going to Moscow."*

Anthony Sandoval is the eldest son of an eldest son. He was born on May 19, 1954 in Truchas, N.M., 7,622 feet up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Sandoval's parents and grandparents lived on a small farm that has been in the family literally since time out of mind. "My grandma's grandma was born in Truchas, which has about 300 people," says Sandoval. "My father's grandfather came from Cordova, which is five miles away. Apparently there was some concern about the wisdom of letting such a distant stranger into the family."

The Sandoval familia is of Spanish and Indian descent, and the life Anthony led as a child was not markedly different from that pursued in these mountains for centuries, not decades. With his grandfather, he plowed, "holding the horses, thinking the sun would never go down." During the winter, every Saturday at dawn the family would take an old truck up the mountain to a place where piñon might be cut. "You split wood in the morning," says Sandoval. "When it's frozen the pitch is brittle. It pops the wood apart."

In the evenings, young Anthony kept the fire. "There was so much history to be absorbed after dinner, the chistes—jokes from long ago—all the talk in Spanish. In the dry summers of the old times, the town's families used to have to go separate ways, taking the sheep to the springs. Then, later, they got together and built the ditches. Now every spring the ditches must be cleared. They bring the water, the life of the land."

For generations the villagers maintained the life of 16th century Spanish peasantry, preserving or adapting customs as necessary. "There were, and are, penitentes," says Sandoval, "secret fraternities in lieu of priests. The rumors said they would reenact the way of the cross, with scourging and flagellation. I could never see their book of ritual or go in their chapel."

When Anthony was 15, it was decid-

ed by his father that he should attend high school in Los Alamos, 30 miles down the mountain, southwest across the Rio Grande and 7,300 feet up the Jemez Mountains. Los Alamos was the site of the laboratory that developed the atomic bomb. When Sandoval came to town there were nearly 500 Ph.D.s out of a population of 15,000. The high school their children attended was appropriately challenging. "It was a trial," says Sandoval. "For one thing, I had an accent you wouldn't believe."

But he also had remarkable native intelligence and a resistance to panic. "When my dad went out to fix a fence, he fixed it," Sandoval says. "And if it took a day or two, if it was rocky, he fixed it well just the same. I simply did that in school."

Weekends he returned to Truchas to help with haying or canning, adhering to the pattern of the farm. And he began cross-country running. "Running fit right in. For the Jemez Indians it's just pure joy, part of their culture," he says. Adding the matter-of-fact discipline of his own culture and a balanced, unforced stride, Sandoval quickly became very good. He won four state championships in cross-country and track.

His grades were good. After graduation he was awarded a scholarship to Stanford. "Going there was hard because I didn't have those weekly times to be back at home," he says. "That first year was painful—six whole months away."

Easing his sense of dislocation was a Stanford coed, Mary Demuth, from Los Alamos, who is now Sandoval's wife. She understood that he was moving in two worlds, with two selves. "He's still Anthony, the Anthony of the farm," she says. "The student pops in as necessary. He's lucky he has kept the Anthony part."

At Stanford, Sandoval ran well but inconsistently. Though light at 5'8", 112 pounds, he had superb natural talent. He did 1:49.5 for 800 meters, and in his senior year, 1976, won the Pac Eight 10,000 with a splendid finish over Sam Kimombwa of Washington State and Kenya. Eight days later he placed fourth in the U.S. Olympic Marathon Trial in 2:14:58, seeing his good friend Don Kardong make the team in third after the two had run much of the race beside each other. This tantalizing nearness of Olympic success—especially since Kardong went on to place fourth in Montreal—led Sando-

val to vow to continue running for four more years.

After graduating from Stanford, Sandoval set out to become a doctor. "I went to medicine because I could combine the two societies' goals," he says. "I could be a professional and also accepted, like my father, as a useful person who knows how to fix your car or find wood. At home there has never been a doctor."

Always the mountains steadied him. "When I was a little kid," he says, "Grandpa really loved fishing. We'd walk the high streams, and I remember him telling me up there, 'Here it is safer and more comfortable than in any city.' I remembered that in New York and San Francisco when I was applying to medical schools, and I said, 'I agree with you, Grandfather.'"

Sandoval selected the University of Colorado School of Medicine in Denver. For two years he ran seriously only in the summers back in Truchas and Los Alamos. In September of 1978, without hard training, he finished second to fellow New Mexican Lionel Ortega in the Oregon TC marathon in Eugene. "After that," he says, "I began wondering how I was going to do both consistent training for the Olympics and medical school."

In partial solution, he joined Athletics West, which is based in Eugene. Then he spoke to the Colorado medical school dean and the curriculum committee, composed of his department heads, about cutting back on school in order to train.

"They said they'd give me as much time as I needed," he says. "Even then I wasn't sure I should do it. But the committee sent me a letter of encouragement. I thought, 'O.K., I'll take the 1980 spring quarter off.' But then I was advised to take the whole year, so I wouldn't fragment my rotation among subjects."

Unwilling to leave medicine entirely for that long, Sandoval had Dr. Clifford Zwillich set up a program of independent study. He did a research project with AW physiologist Dick Brown. Now he has begun working in the health division of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories, a job for which he will gain academic credit. "So I am in medicine," he says, "but I've got all the time in the world."

He put it to use in the summer of 1979, running with AW teammates Ortega, Kevin McCarey, Jeff Wells and John Lodwick over the high trails of New Mex-

*continued*

ico he had known as a child. "In the yellow September aspen, at 10,500 feet, the cold wind rushes over you as if you were a rock that had been there a thousand years," he says.

Thus prepared, Sandoval and Wells tied for first in last year's Oregon TC marathon in 2:10:20, with Sandoval appearing the fresher at the end. Lodwick was third in 2:10:54.

The Sandovals then moved, at the request of AW Coach Harry Johnson, to Eugene, where Anthony's training might be better supervised. Almost at once he developed plantar fasciitis, an overuse syndrome, in his left heel. In December he raced poorly in the Fukuoka, Japan marathon, a 2:19:06. He and Mary found the training environment in their new club oddly grating. Too many members seemed obsessed with running. Then, on Jan. 4, Mary came home and told Anthony she'd heard on the radio that President Carter had raised the possibility of a boycott of the Moscow Olympics.

"I said, 'He just wants to put pressure on the Russians to leave Afghanistan,'" Sandoval recalls. "I thought he'd made a list of everything he could think of, serious or not."

Then on Jan. 20, Carter set the Feb. 20 deadline while speaking on *Meet the Press*. "I talked with Jeff Wells," says Sandoval. "The clock's ticking," he said. We'd laid our plans for the ultimate marathon, the Olympic Trials in Buffalo, May 24. As the deadline passed, the importance of that race began to erode. Then, after a time of depression, we kind of got hold of ourselves and said, 'Hey, if we stick together, the race can still mean a lot.' We had to almost build that image, that importance, back up inside ourselves. That took time."

During the gray spring, AW competitors in all events held emotional meetings to decide what the club's position and tactics should be. "I was surprised to learn of all the different points of view," says Sandoval. "Some felt they'd suffer financially if they couldn't make a name for themselves at the Games [Sandoval himself has never accepted more than bare expenses from a race promoter]. For some, like the decathletes, the Games were to be their only big event. Jeff and I were trying to get a positive statement that still reflected everybody's opposition. So much energy was going into that, that my training was falling apart. So Mary and I decided that the

middle of March was the time to go back to Los Alamos."

"It is an emotional decision," said Johnson.

"Absolutely it is," said Sandoval, and went.

"I left all the pressures in Eugene," he says now. "I started working and Mary got a job as a statistician for a research group in nuclear physics, and my injury just went away. Every morning I would run the trails. I never set foot on the hard road. There is a word in Spanish—*correo*—which has to do with withstanding things. In the fields, boeing, as a child, or on morning runs through the snow, *correo* builds up. Over and over, at 5:30 a.m. every day, it builds up—the conviction that I am strong and will do well."

In May, at the appointed time, Sandoval came down out of his mountains and was strong. He ran just off the pace in the Trials marathon until four miles to go. Benji Durden of Stone Mountain, Ga. led by 60 yards, having made his move at 19 miles. "It was a tactical race because it was the placings that counted," Sandoval says. Now, having secured at least second, he tested his strength, temporarily taking his pace from five minutes per mile to 4:44, and left Durden 22 seconds behind at the finish, which he reached in 2:10:19.

Two weeks later, as Sandoval and some friends and his younger brothers Louis and Peter ran nine miles along the stream in Bandelier National Monument, Anthony recounted his thoughts after the Trials. "It's harder to accept the boycott when you know it's really you who would be going to Moscow. The thing that bothers me the most is that the Moscow course is very fast."

This was said in a voice completely lacking in regret, interspersed as it was with Sandoval's commentary on passing wonders. He caressed the new green of trailside plants, calling them by their Spanish names: "Encino, the little oak, yerba buena, the wild mint. Watch out for this, it's the origin, stinging poison ivy."

The air was dry but carried resins of anything moist with a palpable clarity. One ran through essence of cottonwood, of gooseberry, even of dust. Sweet dust, like poison smoke.

"I probably will try again in 1984," said Sandoval, when pressed to consider the prospect. "At 26, I'm not peaked physiologically." Nor psychologically,

one reflects, because people persist in keeping him from the Olympics.

"But in 1984 I'll be in residency somewhere. Maybe we'll have kids, who knows? This year seemed like the best chance. I sure wish Bill Rodgers had been in the Trials."

The stream ran into a narrow defile. Sheer, flat walls of russet-and-salmon sandstone rose out of the sandy margin. In the sidelong afternoon light, the lines and color of the stone and water and bending green were as crisp and distinct as human senses may register. The imagination soared. Here was a place to come upon mounted men, riding up the creek Or to have a vision.

And there, cut into the rock, were the ruins, the homes and ovens and storehouses and burial chambers of the Pueblos, who lived here half a millenium ago.

The sense of presence, of continuum, was strong. Surely there were many great Indian runners. Sandoval, floating ahead, his width of torso impressive against the narrowness of his arms and legs, was a part of that long past, and a reminder that runners can compete only against the men their generations offer. Time, too, keeps the best apart.

"I've stopped thinking of the Olympics," Sandoval said as the run concluded, and he waded in the icy stream where Mary was waiting with fruit juice. "It's going to be a good summer."

—KENNY MOORE

## JOHNNY BURPHUS:

"I believe there might have been other ways to handle it . . . but I guess President Carter couldn't think of any. It was just fated."

Across the street from downtown Nashville's Davidson County Court House, around back of an old brick building and up a flight of stairs, is a locked metal door. Behind it is the Nashville Metropolitan Jail gym. Inside are two basketball hoops, a Universal gym, two pay phones, four heavy bags suspended from (and padlocked to) ponderous chains, a jogging machine, a boxing ring and, for two hours in the morning and again in the afternoon, some two dozen inmates, five deputies (three of whom are usually

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dressed in sweats) and three guard dogs. Knock on that locked metal door and—for the next two weeks, anyway—the deputy who'll answer will generally be Johnny Bumphus. "Bump City," as the inmates approvingly call him, would give anything not to be that man. He would give almost anything to be half the world away, in Moscow, fighting for the light welterweight (139 pounds) gold medal. He thinks he would win it. And from there... well, you take it. America's last gold medalist in the light welterweights was Sugar Ray Leonard.

It was watching Leonard win that medal that hardened Bumphus' resolve to make the Olympic team four years later. He was 15 then, living with his family in Tacoma, Wash., the youngest of seven children and the only boy. "I said to Mama, 'I'm going to be there in 1980,'" Bumphus recalls. "She said, 'O.K., we're going to see it.'"

In the summer of 1977, Bumphus moved to Nashville to join his coach from the Tacoma Boys Club, Joe Clough. He got a job as a deputy and trained in the Old Metro Jail gym after work under Clinton Jackson, coach of the Sheriff's Boxing Club (and 16th-ranked WBA welterweight and '76 Olympian).

In November of '77, Bumphus' mother was shot to death in Tacoma. Stunned, Johnny decided to stay on in Nashville, keeping his job as a deputy and continuing his training under Jackson. When Bumphus won the light welterweight championship at the Olympic Trials in Atlanta last month, the win that could have sent him to Moscow, he dedicated the tournament to his mother. A common enough story, perhaps, but no less true through repetition. It is such a loss and the memory of a promise that can lift a young man to greatness.

Actually, Bumphus had his dreams set on the Olympics as far back as 1972, when his Tacoma Boys Club teammate—another Sugar Ray, this one with the last name of Seales—won the 135-pound gold medal in Munich. Bumphus had been boxing at the Boys Club since 1968. Like so many kids, he had gone there after repeated poundings by older and bigger schoolmates. "I was small for my age and used to get picked on a lot," he says. "I lost my first fight at the Boys Club and retired for a year. Then at nine I won my second fight and retired again. But I liked it. I played football and baseball and basketball for the Boys Club.

too, but if there was a football game and a boxing match at the same time, I'd always go to the boxing. Seemed like I was winning more at that."

There were two more Tacoma boxers on the 1976 Olympic team, Davey Lee Armstrong and Leo Randolph. Randolph won the gold in the flyweight division. "As soon as Leo won, everyone knew that John would be next," says another teammate from the Tacoma Boys Club, Thomas Banford, who rooms with Bumphus in Nashville. "He'd been to the national Junior Olympics twice, and all the way along he'd been the best of our group—and at that time Tacoma was the hottest boxing spot in the country. Then Coach Clough moved to Nashville and the program went all to hell. That's why John moved down here."

**B**umphus, who is a slim six-footer, fought at 132 until June of 1979, when he moved up to the 139-pound class. "I was starting training at 150 and by the time I got my weight down I was too weak. I haven't been beaten as a light welterweight and I've been there a year and a half." In that span, he has won 35 fights, seven by knockout, and has defeated opponents from the Soviet Union, Cuba, Poland and Romania who figured to be his toughest Olympic competition.

"I don't go out looking for a knockout," Bumphus says. "Boxing is the art of landing more punches. Hit and not get hit is my style." But the punches Bumphus lands are hardly pity-pats. Because he runs up to nine miles a day when in training, his legs are well-developed and his weight is concentrated in his impressively leveraged upper body.

In the 1979 Southern Golden Gloves in Knoxville, one of his opponents had to be hospitalized following their bout. "I visited him in the hospital," Bumphus recalls. "But a week and a half later he died. It affected me deeply for a while. But the doctor told me he had a blood clot in his brain even before the fight. I happened to be the one in the ring when his time came. Some things are just meant to be."

A southpaw, Bumphus relies primarily on a right jab and a right hook, and quickness. "He's so fast," says Shelly Wilkerson, a fellow deputy and sparring partner. "The man can throw thunder in jail and put handcuffs around lightning." Four months ago Bumphus flat-

tened Wilkerson's nose during a friendly workout. "And that was with the big gloves on," Wilkerson says. "Imagine what he could do with the small ones. I tell you one thing, if he fought Duran, someone would go to sleep."

Bumphus turns 20 next month, and shortly thereafter intends to turn pro. Even now he is deciding on a manager. But a Duran-Bumphus scenario is unlikely. Bumphus plans to continue to fight as a light welterweight and gain his experience in that division. If he keeps growing and has trouble making the weight, perhaps then he would join the more glamorous welters. "But Duran won't be around much longer," Bumphus predicts. "He'll fight once, maybe twice more with Leonard, then get out. Or get knocked out. I thought Leonard, as champion, fought well enough to keep the title last time. I thought he won."

Like Leonard, Bumphus has a smooth, unscarred, babyish face that would have looked well smiling above a gold medal on national television. Admittedly, said visage doesn't cry out to be hugged and smothered with kisses as does Leonard's, but Johnny Bumphus is a handsome and marketable boxer. He is shy, intelligent, soft-spoken. Aside from the honor, the fulfillment of a dream, an Olympic medal and the resulting exposure would have meant a lot of money. "There's no question that a gold medalist is always going to get a better deal," Bumphus says. "Sugar Ray made \$40,000 his first fight. The managers I've been talking to have offered \$15,000 to \$20,000."

"I remember when the boycott was first mentioned. I thought it would just pass over, that the Soviets would pull out of Afghanistan or whatever. More or less I was just thinking that there would be a team that went to Moscow. Even if it didn't, at least I'd be a member of that team. But when it was official, it was really a heartbreaker. It affected me for about a month. I guess. Now I accept it."

It has probably been easier for Bumphus than most. He has seen fate's whimsies up close. Last March he had been on the plane carrying 14 U.S. boxers only hours before it crashed, killing all on board. "It had just dropped a group of us off in New York returning from Warsaw, where we'd stopped on the way back from East Germany. Then it picked up the other guys and 10 hours later it crashed. The coach had called me and

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asked which trip I wanted to be on. I chose East Germany because I wanted the extra experience. I'd already fought the Polish fighter and the West German." One of the American boxers killed in that crash was Lemuel Steeples, Bumphus' chief competition for the 139-pound spot on the Olympic team.

Bumphus isn't bitter about the boycott. Like many American blacks, he feels somewhat removed from the government's decision-making processes. "I believe I blame the Russians for going into Afghanistan in the first place," he says. "Carter was letting them know whatever it was he wanted them to know the only way he knew how. I believe there might have been other ways to handle it without involving the athletes, but I guess he couldn't think of any. It was just fate."

"About the time the decision was made, I was really going good. I had all my punches working for me and just knew I was going to win. All the Cubans and Russians are strong. They keep one glove in your face and go forward and look for the big punch. American boxers have more lateral movement. Go side to side and the Cubans and Russians get confused. We would've done well. The coach of the '76 boxing team said our '80 team would've done even better than they did in Montreal. But you can't change it. What will be, will be. I have to set a new goal for myself. It used to be the gold medal. Now it's to become world champion." —E-M SWIFT

## TRACY CAULKINS:

*"I could be over the hill in 1984."*

Tracy Caulkins looked to her mother for help. "I don't know. Did I?" she said.

"You never really cried, no. You never really broke down and cried," her mother said. Martha Caulkins is an art teacher in Nashville, and, one imagines, doesn't run the sort of classroom in which it would be advisable to start winging paper clips. "There was that one time watching the news when Carter was making the announcement...."

"Yes...."

"I saw your eyes fill up with tears, but that was more from anger. You never really cried."

Tracy Caulkins' views on the Olympic boycott have gone from anger to disappointment to acceptance. She is a true Capricorn, born Jan. 11, 1963—practical, ambitious, disciplined. Capricorns have been compared to the tortoise who outraced the hare. They are patient and hardworking, goal-oriented folk. And in the end they are apt to win out. Tracy is the top female swimmer in the U.S., with American records in the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys, the 100- and 200-meter breaststroke and the 500-yard freestyle. Her world records once included the 200-meter butterfly (broken by fellow American Mary Meagher) and the 200- and 400-meter IMs. In the past four months those last two were broken by Petra Schneider, an East German, also a Capricorn—patient, hardworking, ambitious. Also her country's finest swimmer. And, strangely, also born Jan. 11, 1963. They were ordained, it seemed, to meet in the Olympics. It seemed.

Caulkins' star was wildly ascendant; Schneider's gradually so. Caulkins burst into international swimming prominence in 1978 at the world championship in Berlin, where, as a skinny 15-year-old with braces, she led the U.S. women to nine gold medals in 12 events, topping an incipient East German dynasty. Caulkins won or shared five of the golds herself. "The East German girls were dominating prior to 1978," she says, reflecting on the 11 gold medals they won at the Montreal Olympics, "but the younger American swimmers who hadn't been around in '76 weren't afraid and just went out and swam our best. To a lot of people it was a really big surprise, the way I swam, but I guess I knew it was coming." That year Caulkins won the Sullivan Award as America's top amateur athlete.

In Berlin the third-place finisher in the 400 IM, nearly eight seconds behind first-place Caulkins, was a virtual unknown from East Germany, Petra Schneider. By the end of the year, she was ranked fourth in the world at that distance, fourth in the 200 IM. Those were her only events.

"It's a lot easier to get to the top of the ladder than it is to stay there," says Don Talbot, an Australian who took over as Caulkins' coach shortly after the 1978 world championship. Tracy agrees. "As you get older you start to think more and you have time to wonder. You wonder, what will happen if I fail...? I'm not saying you shouldn't think, but at 15 you

just don't wonder about things like that."

In 1979 Schneider's times were better than Caulkins', although the latter's world records in the individual medleys still stood. "Some people, including her father, expected Tracy to set a new world record every time she jumped into the pool," says Talbot. "It's not that easy." She was also fighting another battle: changing from "a little girl to a big girl," as Talbot puts it. The year before, Caulkins had had to devour a pint of ice cream four times a week in order to get her weight up to 122. Her coach at the time, Paul Bergen, had allowed that he might not take her to Berlin should she drop below that. But when Tracy became sweet 16, Mother Nature did an about-face and suddenly, despite a training regimen that called for 5½ hours of practice a day, six days a week, Caulkins' weight became a problem.

"All girls go through it around that age," says her father, Tom Caulkins, who is in charge of group testing for the Nashville-Davidson County public school system and is active in the administration of the swimming program. "Girls develop a subcutaneous layer of fat that boys never do. It's actually a secondary sexual characteristic. It's what hides the muscles and makes women softer and curvier than men. But 10% fat is 10% slower."

Tracy, who is 5' 9", blue-eyed, blonde and wavy-haired and utterly deferential in manner—at least out of the pool—while still being disarmingly frank and peering with wide-eyed curiosity at the world, listens to her father's explanation with a shy and appealing smile. "Ask her what she weighs now," Tom Caulkins continues, "and she'll tell you, 'No thank you.'"

"I was 131 this afternoon before practice," Tracy draws evenly. One pound over competition weight. Caulkins has the elongated muscles of a distance swimmer, and when she stands, her knees hyperextend backward—Mark Spitz shares this characteristic; this gives a swimmer an exceptional kick in the water. Schneider has the shorter, denser muscles of a sprinter.

"It seems like Eastern European women tend to be a little bit bigger," Tracy says. "I don't know about the steroids stuff. I don't even want to think about it. I read about one of the East Germans who defected and said, 'I would love to have children, but I am afraid that I

continued

would bring them into the world handicapped." That's what's really sad. You hear all these horror stories, how they're like robots; you don't know what to believe." Caulkins says if she had one question she'd like to ask Schneider, it would be whether she lived in a dorm or at home. Caulkins is wryly curious about Schneider's love life—these are 17-year-olds, remember.

Caulkins goes to Harpeth Hall, an all-girl school of 700, which still requires uniforms—solid-colored blouses, gray or plaid skirts and saddle shoes. She just finished 11th grade. She spent a day shopping for presents for graduating classmates, searching for a laundry bag, revisiting ice cream and finally picking up her summer reading: *The Bear*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Death of a Salesman*, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Sun Also Rises*, an all-American lineup if ever there was one. She shares the idle wish of most Americans who compete against from Curtin athletes that the opposition might be more accessible, instead of the

awkward, stone-faced "robots" they give the appearance of being. "It's almost as if they were only motivated by the money," Tracy says. Then, ironically, "For us, it's enough that it be for ourselves and our country."

In January, shortly after President Carter first mentioned the possibility of an Olympic boycott, Caulkins and Schneider swam against each other for the first time since Berlin, at the Women's International competition in Austin, Texas. After only a week of training in a 50-meter pool, Caulkins broke her own 200-meter IM world record—a non-Olympic distance—with a 2:13.69, finishing three seconds ahead of Schneider. In the 400 IM she took a sizable lead over Schneider after the butterfly leg and held it through the backstroke, but then tired. "I went out like a madman," she says. Schneider caught her on the breaststroke leg and just touched her out after the freestyle, 4:42.96 to 4:43.00.

As the boycott talk became more concrete, Caulkins' training suffered from a

lack of motivation. In March the peaking Schneider broke Tracy's 400 IM world record. In May the relentless Schneider claimed Caulkins' last remaining individual world record—the 200 IM. "It was a very depressing day," Tracy recalls. "I was at home alone and a local newspaperman called and said he hated to be the one to break the news, but that she had broken my last world record. I was all right at first, but after I hung up I got so mad, and there was no one there to talk to, and I couldn't eat because I was on a diet."

Depressing indeed. But there was a flip side to the setback, as her coach points out. "The best thing that's happened to her was when Schneider came along and broke those records," Tailbot says. "I've seen a change in her workouts already. She has a new goal, and that's to get those records back. And she'll do it. There're two things that can happen when a swimmer comes along to challenge your supremacy. You can throw up your hands and say, 'I can't do any better.' Or you

## Meanwhile in Moscow...



The Olympic glass is either one-third empty or two-thirds full, depending on whether you're looking from the perspective of the boycott or from the floor of Lenin Stadium this Saturday. The 62 nations not in Moscow see emptiness, a vessel that has lost too much. The 83 countries represented in Moscow figure that even two-thirds of an Olympic glass should be enough to quench a thirst. In truth, the Moscow Games will provide only a few good sips, but these, indeed, could be vintage.

Among those to be savored:

- Men's 1,500-meter run (Friday, Aug. 1)
- Women's gymnastics (Sunday, July 20 through Friday, July 25)
- Pole vault (Wednesday, July 30)
- Soccer (Saturday, Aug. 2)
- 10,000 meters (Sunday, July 27)
- Superheavyweight weightlifting (Wednesday, July 30)
- Women's high jump (Saturday, July 26)
- Heavyweight boxing (Thursday, July 31)
- Women's 100-meter dash (Saturday, July 26)

First and foremost at Moscow is the intriguing case of Coe vs. Overt. Since their lone meeting in 1978—a race neither man won—Sebastian Coe and Steve Overt of Great Britain have avoided facing each other. Now, as they race at last at 1,500 meters (and possibly at 800), each seemingly invincible, they are the centerpiece of the Olympics. Coe holds the world record in both events (1:42.4 and 3:32.1), but Overt, winner of 39 consecutive races in the 1,500 or the mile, has the second-fastest time in the 1,500 as well as the mile record (3:48.8). Whereas Coe is amiable, open and a runner chasing records, Overt is brusque, private and a consummate racer usually content to beat his man, not the clock.

Another rivalry, one that started at the 1976 Olympics, will highlight women's gymnastics, an event left almost unscathed by the boycott. Let's not forget, Romania's Nadia Comaneci did not win all five individual gold medals at Montreal. She won three (balance beam, uneven parallel bars and all-around). The other two (floor exercises and vault) went to Nelli Kim of the Soviet Union. Both gymnasts will compete again in Moscow as favorites, even though at ages 22 (Kim) and 18 (Comaneci) they're getting rather old for this sort of thing. And, assuredly, somewhere in the bloc lurks another dazzler.

Two slightly more grizzled veterans will be out to win a third gold medal in the heaviest divisions of weightlifting and boxing. No man has ever gotten three golds in either sport in any weight class. Vasily Alexeyev, the 38-year-old superheavyweight whose two-lift total of 970 pounds set a world record in 1976, has a new challenger this time: Evgeni Popov, a young Bulgarian who was second at the most recent European championship. But Alexeyev also has the home crowd, and in the U.S.S.R. he is a hero.

Cuba's Teófilo Stevenson, another national idol, ventures abroad every four years, just long enough to knock out a promising American heavyweight and go on to take the gold medal. Even without a Duane Bobick or John Tate to battle, Stevenson, now 28, should win his third gold and help the Cubans in their team's battle with the U.S.S.R. and Poland.

can respond the way Tracy has, by showing your competitive instincts. She's a competitor. This boycott business, it doesn't matter to the kids. They can set new goals. But what is truly sad is that the Olympics is the only way to really bring out the greatness in an athlete. The bloody politicians will never know what they put their sportsmen through."

For Caulkins, the anger has long since passed. She has accepted the boycott and is training hard for the U.S. Nationals, which are being held two days after the Olympic swimming competition. Special awards will be given to swimmers who are selected to an honorary Olympic team. The U.S. women are hoping to soothe the sting of their absence with a slew of world records. But while races against the clock have their place, as Caulkins says, "There's nothing like head-to-head competition, especially against Schneider."

"The other girl might be stronger," says Talbot, "but the Russian coach [Sergei Vaitsekovskii] thinks Tracy's a better

competitor than Schneider, has more in here. . . ." He taps his chest. "That's why it's so sad they will not be swimming against each other in Moscow."

But Caulkins is already looking ahead to competing in L.A. in 1984, an Olympics she says she probably would have bypassed had she been able to compete this summer. "I've talked to people who have been to the Games, and they tell me there's just nothing else that can give you that feeling," she says. "Shoot, just being there you can't help but go fast."

But just getting there will require four more years of training, a grind that will be made somewhat more tolerable because she'll be going to college after next year, a change of venue, a change of teammates. Still, Talbot estimates that the average world-class swimmer peaks between five to seven years after starting serious two-a-day workouts, and Caulkins has been at it since age 12. And there is a haunting recollection from Berlin—that of East Germany's Ulrike Tauber, then 20 sobbing at poolside and con-

sidering retirement following her loss to the 15-year-old American who had just shattered Tauber's record in the 400-meter individual medley.

"I suppose I could be over the hill in 1984," Tracy says. "I don't worry about it, but I'm aware it could happen. I think about it when I see all the 12- and 13-year-olds swimming and know that any one of them. . . ." She smiles. She accepts.

—E.M. SWIFT

## PETER SCHNUGG

"I said to the coach, 'Give 'em hell. I'm done. I'm retired.'"

On May 16, 1980, John H. Pratt, the District Judge for the District of Columbia, handed down a 23-page decision denying 25 athletes an injunction against the U.S. Olympic Committee's decision not to send a team to the Moscow Games.

continued

Strangely, there is a U.S. citizen who could come home with a medal. The Puerto Rican Olympic Committee, in response to President Carter's boycott demand, sent "one symbolic athlete" to Moscow. He is boxer Alberto Merced, who is a favorite in the 112-pound class.

Four track and field events slightly weakened by the boycott but still worth watching are the 10,000, the women's 100 and high jump, and the pole vault. Lasse Viren, who won both the 5,000 and the 10,000 in 1972 and 1976, may attempt another double in Moscow. He won't have to face America's Craig Virgin in the 10,000, but he will run his 25 laps alongside Tanzania's Saleman Nyamathi and Ethiopia's ageless Miruts Yifter, the 1979 World Cup champion. If Viren wins the 10,000, he can choose to finish his work with either the 5,000 or the marathon, but not both, as he did in Montreal. The marathon begins at 5:15 p.m. Friday, Aug. 1, the 5,000 final 90 minutes later.

Were Evelyn Ashford of the U.S. to be on hand, the women's 100 would be a superb three-way race. Instead, with "only" one world-record holder, Lyudmila Kondratyeva of the U.S.S.R. and former record holder Marius Kiech of East Germany present, it will be merely a superb duel. The same is true of the women's high jump, which offers 1976 Olympic champ Rosie Ackermann of East Germany and world-record holder Sara Simeoni of Italy but doesn't include Canada's Debbie Brill, the top-ranked jumper in 1979. The pole vault, on the other hand, still has the three best vaulters, each of whom has broken a world record this spring. On May 11, Poland's Wlodyslaw Kozakiewicz cleared 18' 9 1/2". Three weeks later Thierry Vigneron of France bumped Kozakiewicz from the record book with a vault of 18' 10 1/4", and five weeks after that, preferring to be different, Soviet vaulter Konstantin Volkov set an indoor record of 18' 8 1/2".

But what about the empty part of the glass? When the U.S., Japan, West Germany, Canada and 58 other countries spilled out, which sports suffered the most? One has to be swimming, which would have featured two dozen exciting races among the East German, Soviet and American teams. Suppy Woodhead, Tracy Caulkins, Mary Meagher and Rowdy Gaines—or perhaps Vladimir Salnikov and Peter Schneider—would have been the talk of Red Square. But not this year.

Another casualty was men's track and field

The high jump would have matched 1976 gold medalist Jacek Wszala of Poland against West Germany's Dietmar Mogenburg, each has cleared a world-record 7' 8 1/2" this year. The decathlon would have brought together Great Britain's Daley Thompson, who broke Bruce Jenner's world record in May, and West Germany's Guido Kratschmer, who topped



Thompson's mark in June. Mac Wilkins of the U.S. would have been a top choice to win the discus. Rendered meaningless by the boycott are both men's hurdles races.

One rumor had no teams at all showing up for the field-hockey competition, which, like the equestrian events, is being boycotted for lack of competition by some nations. Archery and basketball medals mean little when the U.S. stays home, and the same holds for judo without Japan.

Two-thirds full? Maybe less.

—CRAIG NEFF



"The courts have correctly recognized that many of life's disappointments, even major ones, do not enjoy constitutional protection," wrote Pratt. "This is one such instance." It was the end of the line.

Peter Schnugg of Orinda, Calif. is 29 years old and a member of the Athletes' Advisory Council to the USOC. He was a party to the suit before Judge Pratt, the only athlete included who had actually made the 1980 Olympic team, having been selected for the water polo squad the week before the USOC bowed to President Carter's wishes.

Schnugg has recently taken his MBA from Stanford's graduate school of business. An affable, gregarious man, he nonetheless became one of the most knowledgeable and determined opponents of the boycott, continuing with the final lawsuit "when its best hope was to instruct the USOC in its responsibilities, but without much chance of causing the sending of a team."

Inevitably, in reviewing the train of events surrounding the boycott, Schnugg begins far back, with the start of his own career. "I'm kind of the incorrigible type," he says, smiling, from the large patio of his parents' home. "When I was eight my father started me swimming because I was a troublemaker. I was the first one he tried that with. Everybody after me swam." A younger brother, John, 20, plays water polo for Cal, and another, Tom, 18, is first-team All-America at Miramonte High School.

At 15, Peter Schnugg took up water polo at the Concord Swim Club, where he was taught and inspired by Coach Pete Cutino. Soon he was addicted. "At Cal I was on a swimming scholarship, so I had to swim," he says. "They knew I'd play polo. I wasn't very good, just faster than hell. I'd make three mistakes and be able to cover two with speed."

During his senior year, Schnugg was named an alternate on the 1972 Olympic team but didn't get to go to Munich, where the U.S. won a bronze medal. "My motive increased tenfold after that," he says. "If those guys were third best in the world and I could beat them out, I knew I'd be right there."

Three years later Schnugg was a mainstay on the U.S. team, but in 1975 American water polo was in a down cycle. "Every year the coach of the national champion club was made the U.S. national coach," Schnugg says. "There was no consistency." Twelve teams would

qualify for the Montreal Games in pre-Olympic tournaments. The U.S. did not qualify. Again, Schnugg wouldn't get to the Olympics.

"But that failure caused terrific reevaluation," he says. "We got a four-year coach, Monte Nitzkowski. We had more training camps, more USOC development money." In 1978 the U.S. qualified fifth for Moscow. In the 1979 FINA Cup the U.S. lost in the finals to Hungary on a goal scored in the last 12 seconds. "Everybody got out of the pool saying, 'Geez, we are pretty good,'" Schnugg recalls. "We were looking at a good chance of gold in Moscow."

And then the boycott. Like most, Schnugg couldn't take the prospect seriously at first. "In this country amateur sports have always been at the bottom of the ladder," he says. "Then, in one speech, wham, top rung, up there with foreign policy and national defense. I thought: 'That's reasonable. Odd, but reasonable. In a couple of months, though, it will pass, be back to normal.' At a training camp I asked the guys about it. And they said, 'Yeah, it's dumb,' but there was no real discussion of it."

Then in Colorado Springs, at a meeting Schnugg attended in January, the USOC heard from Lloyd Cutler of the White House and learned the results of the public-opinion polls, which were massively in favor of the boycott. "I was mad at everybody then," Schnugg recalls. "At the USOC for not coming out and fighting, at Carter for this casual killing of something I valued. I think at that point I made a decision. I could keep training and hope, or I could keep training and do my best to show that some of the things said by the Administration were not supportable. I chose the second and that became my therapy, getting my feelings out."

It wasn't always easy. "Sports reporters didn't have a good enough grasp of politics to be accurate," Schnugg says. "And political reporters seemed to feel that we were just a bunch of dumb jocks. But the Winter Olympics showed the value of the Games, and the polls began to shift. Then, the British Olympic Association challenged the Thatcher government and decided to send a team. There was hope."

Which was promptly crushed by White House pressure and the final buckling of the USOC House of Delegates in April. "They had to vote that way,"

Schnugg says now. "The USOC couldn't afford to take a moral stand on the issue. On one level you could see it coming. But athletes don't have contingency plans for losing. And so afterward I was just adrift. The goal had been yanked. I went up to my room in the hotel and just sat there."

"The team was to go to Europe for a pre-Olympic tournament. I called home and said to my family and friends, 'I'm really sorry, after all your support and help and concern, it's come to this.' My mother said, 'You get over there to Europe and kick their butts.'"

"The team gathered in Canada. Some of us were in tears. Everybody had gone through what I had. We were frustrated, we wanted to go home and be with people who loved us, but when we called them, we all got the same thing: 'Get over there and win.' The camaraderie and friendship from all the years of training and travel and competition prevailed. We did it for the love of the game, and each other. We went, and we played well for a week, and then we fell apart. We got third purely on talent; we were so inconsistent it was embarrassing. I came home then, and said to the coach, 'Give 'em hell. I'm done. I'm retired.'"

**N**ow Schnugg is working as the general manager of the Concord and Pleasant Hill Aquatic Club, while he interviews for a management position to fit his education. In his spare time he is trying to market a device for lighting charcoal. "One hopes more people are coming to understand amateur athletes, that though we postpone careers and families, eventually what we gain makes us very productive people. It's a great screening process for me. When I find people who can't understand what I've done, I know I don't want to work for them." That understanding, in Schnugg's view, has to do with effort, with clarity of dedication.

"My father has always said, 'As long as you're doing something worthwhile, and you're busting your ass to get it done ... that's legitimate.' I've always been legitimate."

He sits on the now-dim patio, listening to the warm California wind in his father's pines, the sounds of family within the house. "There are lots of people around here who feel worse about it than I do," he says finally. "I had a rewarding career. I just never got to go to the Olympics."

—KENNY MOORE

continued



**Why is Heineken  
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**Taste.**



# "Forget the other guys! Forget the other guys! That's what coach keeps telling me"

—Leon Reed Jr., 18, Sears-AAU Junior Olympic Finalist

Leon came out of the starting blocks no fewer than seven times at the Sears-AAU Junior Olympic finals.

How well did he forget all those other guys? Read on—you'll also find out about a vast athletic program that seems to bring out the best in America's youth.



Getting out of the blocks is Leon Reed's specialty. His explosive transition from crouch to full stride puts him well ahead—at the start.

However, this candid young man from Carson, California admits to a slight problem:

"I tend to slow down when I get out in front. I guess I start thinking about where the other guys are."

That's where his coach's advice comes in. "Forget the other guys—and go for all you're worth."

Every year, millions of boys and girls, 8 to 18, "go for all they're worth" in a unique amateur athletic program

called the Junior Olympics. They come from cities and towns across America, competing in seventeen different sports in over 2,000 local and state meets. The best move up to fifteen regional championships. Ultimately, just 10,000 qualify for the finals.

## A photo finish

Leon and his teammates won fourth overall in the 440-yard relays in the finals held in Lincoln, Nebraska last August. And in the 100-yard dash, Leon placed 7th in the finals—and barely missed winning a medal. Only hundredths of a second separated all eight runners.

"The guy with the longest neck won," says Leon.

One of the great things about the Junior Olympics is that no matter where you finish, you seem to learn a little more about yourself.

Some, like Leon, learn to focus on their own goals and ignore all distractions. Other athletes, other lessons. It's a rare young person who doesn't become a better individual for having taken part in the Junior Olympics.

Sears joins hands with the AAU in fostering a basic ideal of the program:

to develop American athletes the American way—as private citizens, in towns and cities across the land.

If, by sponsoring the Junior Olympics, Sears has in some small way

## Junior Olympics Sports

The Junior Olympics is a series of amateur programs for youth athletes, aimed at over 2,000 local, state, regional and national meets in which the champions in the following sports are crowned:

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Basketball        | Swimming                      |
| Baseball-Softball | 200m breast and free swimming |
| Baseball          | Track and field               |
| Boxing            | Triathlon                     |
| Cross Country     | Weightlifting                 |
| Canoeing          | Wrestling                     |
| Cycling           |                               |
| Gymnastics        |                               |
| Ice Skating       |                               |
| Figure Skating    |                               |
| Football          |                               |

The AAU program is coordinated by the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) and sponsored nationally by Sears, Roebuck and Co. Through this institution, the AAU is the largest of all youth sports organizations in the United States and has over 10 million members.

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helped the Leon Reeds of our country to develop their own potential on their own terms, and "forget the other guys," the effort will have been more than worth it.

# Sears

Sears, Roebuck and Co. has been the sole national corporate sponsor of the AAU Junior Olympics since 1977

Ready at the starting blocks, Leon is concentrating on crouch, transition and the other mechanics of a good start. If he has forgotten the other guys, track and field coach as just one of the 17 sports in the Junior Olympics—the largest of all America's amateur athletic programs



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## Volkswagen's new Pickup: It's built like a truck, but drives like something else.

Where is it written that a truck has to drive like a truck? Certainly not on that brand new Volkswagen Pickup Truck. When it comes to going, a VW Pickup can pick 'em up and lay 'em down with the best of 'em. Under its aerodynamic hood is a very dynamic engine. A fuel-injected, overhead cam powerhouse that can outaccelerate even an MGB.

And should you ever catch up to a VW Pickup, you'll never catch it wallowing through corners like other trucks. Its front-wheel drive and front-mounted transverse engine help keep it moving nimbly. Even when the road throws it a curve. The steering is precise and quick because it's Volkswagen's rack-and-pinion system. What's equally impressive is how good a pickup a VW Pickup is. It's the only truck in its class with a fully utilized body and double-wall

bed construction for extra strength. And its heavy-duty suspension takes the tension out of hauling over 1100 pounds of stuff. So a truck is a truck is a truck, eh? Well, not if it's a Volkswagen Pickup Truck. Then it's something else.

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AGAIN**



## BILL REA:

*"If I felt I was the only Westerner going it might change my mind."*

Bill Rea looked vacantly out the leaded windows of Schloss Wülflingen, an elegant little restaurant in the Swiss city of Winterthur. The occasion was supposed to have been a celebratory dinner, but Rea wore the slightly bewildered expression of the lost, or dispossessed. That afternoon, in his first appearance as a long jumper for the Austrian national team, Rea had finished third behind a Spaniard and a Swiss. Worse, he had learned that the Austrians hadn't yet committed themselves to sending him to the Moscow Olympics. They had been keenly disappointed in that day's performance—25' 2½" into a slight headwind—which tied the Austrian national record but didn't meet that country's qualification standard for the Olympics, 25' 11". It was a distance Rea had surpassed in at least six meets this year in the U.S., where he is sixth-ranked nationally. The Austrians, who have never had a male medal winner in Olympic track and field, weren't sending many athletes to the Games. Rea wondered for a moment what he was doing there, a stranger on a strange team.

"When you lose," Rea said slowly, shifting his gaze back inside the restaurant, "you lose yourself for a while. You're lonely. After I finished, I just wanted to go home."

Home for Rea is Elizabeth, Pa. near Pittsburgh. Were it not for his long jumping, he would be there now, plunging into decayed molars instead of sandpits. A 1977 graduate of the University of Pittsburgh School of Dental Medicine, the 28-year-old Rea practiced in a private office for one year, then spent a year as an intern at a local hospital doing oral surgery before taking off for Switzerland on May 1, 1980, where he was to join the Austrian team.

Rea's is perhaps the strangest story in a strange Olympic year. He was born in Austria while his father served as a master sergeant at the U.S. base near Vienna, and thus he was eligible for dual citizenship.

In the spring of 1972, in his sophomore year at Pitt, Rea jumped 26' 2¼"

at the U.S. Olympic Trials, just two inches short of the winning 26' 4¼". But there were two other long jumpers tucked between him and first place. If the margin of difference had been greater, perhaps Rea's dream of going to the Olympics would have disappeared, but two inches is a hauntingly small percentage of 26½ feet.

Rea continued to jump while in dental school, but at the 1976 Olympic Trials, the best he could do was 25' 2", and he failed to qualify for the finals. "I'd had six solid years of competition on a national level, and I was burned out," he says. So Rea retired from competition, finished dental school and went to work.

A year of root canals and crowns wasn't wholly satisfying to an athlete who had once ranked ninth in the world in his specialty. Seeking a challenge, Rea became a dental intern at Pittsburgh's Montefiore Hospital, working 60 to 70 hours a week sewing lips back onto faces after barroom stools had removed them.

After a two-year hiatus from athletic competition, Rea began training again and came in fifth in the U.S. outdoor championships in 1979. That encouraged him to make a serious push for Moscow, and last June he became "the lowest-paid dentist in the world" by leaving Montefiore and training full time, living on his savings.

By July—six months before the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan—Rea had decided to try to make the 1980 Olympics as an Austrian, but first he had to make a name for himself at meets in Europe. "The promoters would say, 'Rea? Rea? Who is this Rea?' I'd show them a copy of *Track & Field News* and point to my fifth-place finish in the U.S. championships. They'd say, 'O.K., you must be good.' If I did well in that meet, the promoter for the next one would see it and pay my way there. I wasn't in good enough shape to win very often, but I came for the experience and exposure, and the Austrians became interested."

After three months of European competition Rea returned to the States, and in November moved to Clemson, S.C. to train in warm weather. He slept on a cot in a dormitory room at Clemson University, did some tutoring, ran study halls and kept a hand in the profession—and the bill collectors at bay—by performing experimental surgery on dogs for the university. In February Rea finished second to Larry Myricks—the No. 1-ranked long

jumper in the world last year—in the national indoor championships in Madison Square Garden. On May 3 he jumped a wind-aided 26' 7¼" in Houston, and later that month he jumped 26' 7" in Knoxville. By that time, of course, the USOC had already voted to go along with the boycott of the Moscow Games. Austria's Olympic Committee, however, rejected a boycott proposal 37–7.

Rea had never considered withdrawing from his Olympic quest. "The athletes have been doing it for themselves all these years, handing out towels and jockstraps to finance their training," he says, "and all of a sudden Carter wants them to help him out of his own political bind. If he had just quietly tried to get the support of the athletes instead of ordering them: 'Look, you're not going,' he would've gotten a lot better results. If I felt I was the only Westerner going it might change my mind, but it's still going to be a helluva Games."

Rea encountered virtually no flak in the U.S.—not from athletes or coaches left behind; not from his now-retired Army father; not from the USOC. One American interviewer asked, "Don't you feel unpatriotic . . . ?"—but that was cut short with an obscenity from Rea.

Rea plans to return to the U.S. after the Olympics and, if he jumps well in Moscow, to continue competing.

"I've always wanted to go to the Olympic Games," says Rea. "I've always wanted to win a medal. So what I've got is tunnel vision. It's important to me that I've done it by myself, that I've been able to get this far by myself. Eventually, maybe I'll go back to Pittsburgh and open a dentist's office, but right now I'm too young. I'd be lying to you if I said I had a good chance to win a silver or gold. But put it this way: if I have my best day ever, I could win an Olympic medal."

Which is the attraction of sport. In what other activity can one ever say with certainty: That was my best day ever.

At Winterthur the press spokesman for the Austrian Athletics Union came over to Rea and asked, "The rest of the U.S. athletes . . . they want to go!"

"Yes."

The spokesman pressed his palms together and smiled at Rea. "You," he said. "You are the lucky one."

The spokesman was prescient. A short time later Rea was informed that his U.S. jumps would be accepted for qualifying. He had made the team. —E.M. SWIFT



Summers and Wockenfuss make a dynamic duo.

Well said, Sparky. Here's to you and all your feelings, chances and ideas, too. But even if a manager can't win games, he can prevent losses. Proof of this is Anderson's own Tigers. Because of the victories earned by the personnel and the losses prevented by the manager, the Tigers have been performing like a well-drilled platoon in the American League East. Utilizing 61 different lineups and shuffling players at as many as six positions, Detroit moved from the division's cellar on June 19 to second place at the All-Star break. At week's end the Tigers had briefly broken step and were back in fifth, 10½ games out, perhaps the better to test Sparky anew.

Anderson is trying to accomplish with quantity in Detroit what he did with quality in Cincinnati. And he's even making it sound as if he prefers it this way. "I've always believed that everybody should have a chance to play; it makes each man feel like he's a part of something," says Anderson. "Of course, that's hard to do when you're trailing somebody. Then you've got to put your best

troit regularly used as many as six lefty hitters in the starting lineup, making the Tigers easy prey for opponents. According to designated hitter Champ Summers, a man with a nice feeling for hyperbole, "teams would bring all their lefties up from the minors to face us, then send them back down when we left town." During one stretch of 36 games, the Tigers faced 26 lefty starters and defeated only 12 of them.

Anderson's initial attempts to platoon failed because the few righthanded batters he had didn't produce. Among those who did, Shortstop Alan Trammell and Catcher Lance Parrish were playing every day, and John Wockenfuss was shuttling among five positions so he could stay in the lineup.

The situation improved on May 27 when the team acquired righthanded Al Cowens from the Angels for Jason Thompson. Besides steadying an uncertain situation in rightfield, Cowens freed Anderson to make other moves that have also helped Detroit's resurrection. Left-handed-hitting Richie Hebner has moved from third base to first, a position he occasionally shares with Wockenfuss. At third is Tom Brookens, another righthanded batter, who is hitting .287.

The Tigers also acquired righthanded-hitting Second Baseman Stan Papi from the Phillies organization. Papi is batting .271 as a Tiger and gives Anderson an alternative to lefty Lou Whitaker, who has slumped of late and is down to .220. After a hand injury put rookie Kirk Gibson on the disabled list on June 18, when he was batting .263, centerfield has been shared by Ricky Peters, Dave Segman and Jim Lentine. Even though he is a switch hitter, Peters isn't immune from platooning either, mainly because he's hitting .214 from the right side of the plate and .309 from the left.

Detroit has been 24-13 since the arrival of Cowens, so the players, including those who questioned the idea at first, have either been won over to platooning or have learned to live with it.

"Sparky never tried to convince us; he just wrote out the lineup card," says Summers. "If someone didn't like it,

continued

## Platoon, for-r-r-d harch!

Sparky Anderson has the Tigers moving to a brisk left-right-left-right cadence

**S**parky Anderson, full-time Detroit baseball manager and sometime television personality, was giving an Emmy-winning performance in the visiting dug-out last Thursday night before a game in Kansas City. "I truly don't believe that a manager wins games. Personnel does," said Sparky modestly, spewing tobacco juice to the floor for emphasis. "There's no philosophy to managing. You get a feeling [eyes downward], take a chance [shoulders shrug]. Sometimes you get an idea. That's all there is [hands punctuate the air]."

eight players on the field at all times."

Unfortunately, Anderson has found that he doesn't have a best eight. His team is one of the youngest in the league—averaging 24.3 years per man—which is one reason Detroit has trailed somebody all year. On a team of near equals, everyone plays in Detroit's platoon system, with nearly equal results. The Tigers have a .533 percentage against righthanded pitching and a .529 against lefties. They are 24-21 with a .280 batting average against righthanders and 18-16 with a .266 average against southpaws.

The latter record is a vast improvement over a 3-9 mark early in the season, when Anderson realized that dual lineups were necessary to combat the inordinate number of lefthanded pitchers the Tigers were facing. At the time, De-

# HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

**A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient.** Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic check-ups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

**Underinflated tires waste lots of gas.** Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically, or use a tire gauge yourself, to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

**Use your air conditioner prudently.** Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

**Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating.** It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

**Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel.** The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding

the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

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though." Along with his counterpart from the right side, the ubiquitous Wockenfuss, Summers exemplifies platooning at its best. He is batting .343 this year, almost exclusively against righthanders, and Wockenfuss is at .287, mainly against lefties. Combined, they have 15 homers and 64 runs batted in.

"Players want to play every day, and John and I are no exceptions, but I've realized that's not the way Detroit works," says Summers. "Sparky has said that he's going to play the percentages. John and I talk about our value and we feel we're the equal to anyone around the league who's platooning."

Anderson will make an exception to his platooning strategy when he wants to play a hunch. On June 23, against Cleveland, Sparky "shocked" Summers by letting him face side-winding southpaw Sid Monge with the game on the line. "I couldn't believe it," Summers says. "I'd faced him twice before, and he struck me out twice on six pitches. But Sparky told me I was going to go up and drive in the winning run." Buoyed by Anderson's confidence, Summers knocked in the winner in a 5-4 victory.

Another exception to the rule is Heben, who in 60 games has batted .299 with 61 RBIs. He's also exceptional because he's hitting .354 against lefties and .267 against righties. "When they were platooning me early in the year I didn't think they wanted me," he says. "I couldn't understand why they had traded for me if they were going to do that. In that kind of situation, where you play and sit out, I'm amazed I did so well. It's very easy to lose your stroke after sitting a few games. It can be a whole new world. I'm glad I get to see some lefties. In fact, if I didn't, my stats so far would be pretty mediocre."

Because as many as 13 Tigers play with some sort of regularity, Anderson rarely has to substitute a "cold" player. As a result, Tiger pinch hitters are batting .297, and the designated hitters .289. The lineup card after a Detroit game is likely to be filled with pencil scratches here and matching insertions there, a sure sign that Sparky has "gone into my bag and made some moves." In three games he used five pinch hitters, and in another three players at first base.

Sparky's now-you-see-him, now-you-don't approach doesn't always work, but it does keep the Tigers in the game. In fact, quite a few of them.

## THE WEEK

(July 6-12)

by MIKE DELNAGRO

### ALL-STAR GAME

And so the National League best the American League yet again, 4-2 in Los Angeles, its ninth win in a row and 17th of the last 18. The NL fell behind 2-0 in the fifth inning on Fred Lynn's two-run homer, but in the last of the fifth, Ken Griffey, who was named the game's Most Valuable Player, homered to break up a budding AL no-hitter. The Nationals took a 3-2 lead in the sixth on consecutive singles by Ray Knight, Phil Garner and George Hendrick and a Dave Winfield grounder to second that was misplayed by Willie Randolph. They added a fourth run in the seventh when Dave Concepcion scored from third base on a wild pitch.

Jerry Reuss, who struck out the side in his one inning of work got the win, and Bruce Sutter, the winning pitcher in 1978 and 1979, pitched hitless ball in the eighth and ninth to earn a save. In his three All-Star appearances, Sutter has fanned six batters in 35½ innings while yielding two hits and no runs.

Still, perhaps the best performance of all was that of the American League's starting pitcher, Steve Stone. On just 24 pitches in three innings, Stone struck out three Nationals and pitched perfect ball, the first starting pitcher to hold the Nationals hitless that long since Denny McLain in 1966.

Two aspects of the event were notable. First, the NL showed far superior depth. Both teams had seven hits, but while all the AL's were by starters, all the National's were by reserves. Second, the game was seen by an estimated record 60 million TV viewers, surpassing the 55.6 million who watched the game in 1978.

### AL EAST

"I feel like the guys are watching me and saying, 'Reggie's swinging good, man. C'mon let's watch Reggie,'" says—yup—Reggie Jackson of New York (2-2). In 26 games since June 10, Jackson has hit 11 homers, batted in 34 runs and raised his average to .298. Ominous, too, for the rest of the division was the return to the lineup of Ruppert Jones and Oscar Gamble, making the injury-prone Yankees completely intact in the field for the first time since May 10. It showed most in romps over Texas, 13-5, and Chicago, 8-0.

Cleveland (3-1) toppled New York 5-3 when Gary Alexander, a .196 hitter, pinch-hit a three-run homer. It was his second consecutive pinch home run, tying a league record. Alexander then crashed a pair of doubles to drive in three runs and beat Texas 9-8. Eddie Murray of Baltimore (2-2) broke out

of an 0-for-21 slump in Chicago by blasting two home runs and a single, a double and a triple for six RBIs in two games. Then All-Star Game standout Steve Stone won his 11th straight, 3-1 over Kansas City.

Detroit (1-3) reached second place before the All-Star Game and then departed for 13 games on the road, which local papers were calling "The Big Trip." Manager Sparky Anderson was optimistic. "I'd like to go 8-5 on the trip," he said. "Then we play 47 out of 73 at home and it's up to us." Alas, when the season resumed, Detroit lost twice at Kansas City and once at Boston. "I thought the break would do us good," Anderson said. "But the opposite has happened."

Things were even worse for Tiger Outfielder Al Cowens, who is still wanted in Chicago on a battery charge for attacking White Sox Pitcher Ed Farmer on June 20. In a letter to Bowie Kuhn, Cook County State Attorney Bernard Carey wrote: "I strongly urge you... to arrange for Cowens to voluntarily surrender to the Circuit Court of Chicago."

Milwaukee (3-2) shifted Charlie Moore from last in the batting order to first, and he responded by bunting out nine hits in 14 at bats (.643), including a 5-for-5 night against Boston, which Milwaukee won 7-6. The Red Sox (3-2) were ailing. With Carl Yastrzemski, Jim Rice, Chuck Rainey and Fred Lynn already out because of injuries, ace Reliever Tom Burgmeier developed tendinitis and Jerry Remy reupaired his left knee, requiring crutches. Fortunately, Lynn came back to belt two home runs in a 7-0 romp over Milwaukee. At Toronto (1-3), Otis Velez returned to the lineup after missing two weeks because of bruised ribs and cracked a game-winning two-run homer to beat Cleveland 6-3.

NY 53-25 MILW 46-35 BALT 44-37

DET 42-36 BOS 43-38 CLEV 39-40 TOR 34-45

### AL WEST

When Whitey Herzog was managing Kansas City (2-2), he used to say, "George Brett could walk up to the plate Christmas Day and get a hit." Surely no one in Kansas City mistook the country's scorching weather last week for winter, but when Brett returned to the Royals lineup after being out since June 10 with an ankle injury, it wasn't unreasonable to think he might be rusty. He wasn't. In his first game back, versus Detroit, Brett singled and doubled. The next night he cracked doubles on each of his first three trips to the plate. The Royals won both games. In all, Brett had six hits in 12 at bats. How? "I just keep telling myself, 'You're hot, you haven't been gone all that,'" said Brett. "I don't feel like I've lost a thing."

Chicago (3-2) gave rookie Britt Burns his first-ever start against Baltimore, and Burns, whose 2.06 ERA led the league, was eager to show Earl Weaver that not selecting him for the All-Star Game was a mistake. But the Ori-

continued



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clocks stung Burns for five outs in the first inning, and he trailed 7-0 before departing after 1½ innings. Chicago lost 9-2. Earlier, the White Sox swept a doubleheader from Oakland, 2-0 on a five-batter by Steve Trout and 5-4 when, with two out in the ninth, Pinch Hitter Greg Pryor—homeless in 197 at bats—but one that just did carry into Row A of the leftfield seats.

In its best week of the season, Minnesota (4-0) was also uplifted by unexpected heroics. Jose Morales whacked two home runs—both three-run shots—for the first time in his career in a 12-4 defeat of Seattle. The next night Ken Landreux's two-run blast beat the Mariners 6-3. It was only his fourth four-bagger of the year. And Fernando Arreola, recently up from Toledo, pitched no-hit ball for 5½ innings and beat Texas 4-1 in his first major-league victory since 1977.

Far out West only Oakland (3-1) had much to cheer about. Unaware of his bullpen, Manager Billy Martin had let A's starters go the route in 10 of 14 games. But then, with the bases loaded in the eighth against California, Martin brought in Reliever Jeff Jones, who promptly snuffed the rally and ended up striking out four of the five batters he faced. The next night Jones was called upon again to quash a rally, and when he later got himself into a jam, Craig Muneto came out of the bullpen and preserved a 5-4 win.

California (2-3) dropped three straight at Oakland and was buoyed only by Ed Hake's 8½ innings of two-hit pitching, which stopped Milwaukee 2-0, and by Frank Tanana, who beat the A's 5-1. For Seattle (1-3), a 5-3 victory over Kansas City was the only bright spot. In losing three straight to Minnesota, Manner pitchers were tagged for 26 runs and 40 hits, including 20 hits in a 12-4 loss to Minnesota. Worst, much of the assault came against Seattle's top three starters—Rick Horne, Glenn Abbott and Floyd Bennett.

Right after the All-Star break, Manager Pat Corrales of Texas (1-3) announced his plan for putting the struggling Rangers back into the pennant race. "We have to win 53 of our last 83 games," he said. "I think we're capable." Then, before a season-record crowd of 34,463 at Arlington Stadium, New York exploded for a 10-run first inning and cruised to a 13-5 win O.K., so 53 out of 82.

KC 49-34 CHS 39-42 TEX 38-44  
MINN 38-44 OAK 39-46 SEA 35-46 CAL 30-51

**NL EAST** Philadelphia (4-0) went ahead of Montreal (3-2) as Steve Carlton recorded his 14th win and 2,833rd strikeout (page 22) and the Phils beat the Cardinals 8-3. "I've seen Lefty better," said Manager Dallas Green, "but basically he did what he usually does, get us a win when we needed it." Catcher Bob Boone delivered key hits in victories over the Cubs and Pirates. Against the Cubs he stroked three singles, one

of them good for two runs (10-3 victory). And facing a five-man infield in the ninth inning against the Pirates—who had brought Dave Parker in from rightfield to second—Boone slapped a single to break a 4-4 tie.

The Expos fell half a game back despite the return of Ellis Valentine, who had missed 38 games because of a shattered cheekbone. Valentine was 5 for 11 with five RBIs in three games, two of which were wins over the Cardinals and Cubs. Also back, but less successful, was Bill Lee, who was pinching for the first time since June 6. The Expos walked him to an early 6-2 lead, but the Cubs rallied for an 8-6 win, with Reliever Stan Rayson taking the loss. Early in the week Montreal scored five runs in the 10th inning to beat the Mets.

Pittsburgh (2-2) won 20 innings with the Cubs before Omar Moreno singled in Ed Ott for a 5-4 win. The Pirates' other victory came against the Mets when part-time Leftfielder Mike Easler doubled and scored then hit a three-run homer for a 4-2 triumph. Easler's 16 RBIs are second only to Parker's 43 on the Pirates.

New York (1-3) hung on to fourth place, although it twice missed chances to reach the 500 mark. Pat Zachry gave the Mets their lone win, shutting out the Pirates on three hits as Lee Mazzilli hit his fifth home run in eight games. But in the next two games, Mazzilli ran into double trouble: first his 18-game hitting streak came to an end, and then he misjudged a fly ball to help the Cardinals to an 8-6 win in six innings.

St. Louis (2-2) moved out of last place, and Chicago (1-4) moved in. The Cards got glory by a night relief pitching, especially from John Littlefield, who won his fourth game since coming up from Springfield. The Cubbies got one victory when Cliff Johnson hit a grand slam to beat the Expos, but otherwise was gloom. Does Manager Preston Gomez fear for his job? "I can't even do my job if I worry about it," he replied.

PIL 46-35 MONT 44-36 PIT 43-35  
METS 38-42 ST. L. 35-47 CHS 34-46

**NL WEST** All-Star Outfielder Dave Winfield is unsigned and playing out his option. Pincher John Curtis, who agreed to a \$1.75 million pact in the re-entry draft last fall, is 3-7 and hasn't won since May 15. Utility infielder and top pinch-hitter Karl Bevacqua has asked to be traded. Besh by growing troubles, President Ballard Smith of last-place San Diego (1-3) fired General Manager Bob Fontaine and issued an ultimatum to Padre players: "I hope they start worrying about their jobs," he said. "If they don't perform, they won't be around." After this admonishment, Von Joshua imploded in the 12th inning and scored on a wild pitch to beat Los Angeles 3-2 and end a seven-game losing streak.

Before that loss, the division-leading Dodge

cats (2-2) swept a two-game set from second-place Houston. In the opener, Bill Russell doubled home the tying run in the ninth and then Ronney Cox scored the game-winning on Davey Lopes' upper in front of the plate. L.P. in then, losing Pincher Nolan Ryan had won 111 of the 113 games in which he was leading going into the eighth inning. "I have to say that's the toughest loss for me this year," he said. Next night, Jerry Reitz won 10-2 pitching a scoreless, seven-inning to lower his league-leading ERA to 1.83.

Houston (2-2) promoted Art Howe to starting shortstop, replacing Craig Reynolds, whose batting average plummeted to .173 after an 0-for-7 stretch. Joe Niekro got both Astros victories to up his record to 10-7. The Braves (1-3) leashed on a three-run homer by Gary Matthews and a two-run blast by Jeff Burroughs in a come-from-behind 6-5 defeat of San Diego their seventh win in eight

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**REGGIE JACKSON** In a four-game set, the Yankee rightfielder batted .471, scored six runs and had 10 RBIs. Three of his runs were homers, raising his season total to 22 and tying him with Bert Oldrieve for the league lead.

games. "Now people on other ball clubs are talking about us instead of us talking about them," said Pitcher Phil Niekro. But then—plop, plop, buzz, buzz—came two losses to Cincinnati and a third to Houston.

They're still buzzing about George Foster and Johnny Bench in Cincinnati (2-3). Foster, frequently sidelined with a thigh brace since mid-June, looked healthy again, batting .474 and rapping four home runs. Bench walloped four homers, raising his career total to 313 and tying Yogi Berra as baseball's all-time home-run-hitting catcher. But errors by Dave Collins and Junior Kennedy resulted in a loss to Houston, while the pitching staff gave up 25 hits and 16 walks and blew a doubleheader to San Francisco.

Rookie Rich Murray, the Giants' only first basemen now that Willie McCovey and Mike Lieke have retired, drilled a two-run triple in a 9-2 thrashing of San Diego. Alas, sliding into third, Murray badly damaged a finger on his throwing hand and probably will miss the rest of the season. A brighter note for San Francisco (5-0) was the play of rookie Third Baseman Joe Pettini, who got his chance when Darrell Evans had to be moved from third to first. Pettini went 1 for 3 in a game with San Diego and then 2 for 5 against Cincinnati. "Are the Reds doing me a favor, showing all baseball at me?" he asked a Red veteran. "Just keep hitting .800," the veteran joked. "and we'll find a better league for you."

LA 48-35 HOU 46-38 CHS 43-40  
SF 41-43 ATL 37-43 SD 35-49



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In Boston, for example, where 1 out of every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign run by the National Auto Theft Bureau helped cut theft 26% in two years.<sup>3</sup>

One last word of advice. Before you buy the expensive options that'll make your car *more* attractive to car thieves, buy the anti-theft device options that'll make it less attractive.<sup>4</sup>

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

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<sup>1</sup>Auto theft is no longer a "cottage industry": it's a huge racket that costs the American people \$2 billion a year.

<sup>2</sup>The National Auto Theft Bureau also suggests: using a vibrator pencil, etch the vehicle identification number in several

hard-to-find spots. Use your imagination: the more unique your hiding place, the more expediting to a thief!

<sup>3</sup>About 20% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys the owner left in the ignition, in another 20%, keys are transpa-

rently "hidden" above the visor, in the glove compartment or under the driver's seat. Locking your car won't protect it from a professional thief, but it will protect it from the joy-riding teenagers who account for many thefts.

<sup>4</sup>These devices only slow

down a professional thief, but the more time it takes him, the more chance he'll be caught. Locking systems, cut-off switches and security alarms are all available at auto supply stores.

While the rest of the players were stumbling around in the fiendish heat of Nashville, Tenn., muttering imprecations at the weather and the bad bounces they were getting on the sneaky Richland Country Club course, Amy Alcott gulped potassium pills, tied a "bandido" kerchief around her neck, pulled down her painter's cap and demolished the field in the U.S. Women's Open.

Alcott seemed to be staging her own private Grand Ole Opry in Music City, U.S.A. Certainly she was calling all the tunes out at Richland. Her 72-hole total of 280 was a tournament record, shattering the mark of 284 set by Jerilyn Britz last year. And it was a whopping nine strokes ahead of runner-up Hollis Stacy. Alcott also became the ninth player to lead an Open from start to finish. Tied for first with Barbara Moyness after an opening-round 70, she pulled away with another 70 on Friday and left everyone in the dust with a 68 Saturday that gave her an eight-shot bulge over Stacy. She endorsed her \$20,000 winner's check—and clinched her first Open win—on Sunday with a safe and sane 72.

The temperature during play last week hovered around 100° in the shade. A thermometer placed in a sand trap showed about 20° higher. Under these conditions, strong people did uncharacteristic things. At one point, two-time Open champion JoAnne Carner found herself absent-mindedly trying to puff on her pencil instead of a cigarette. Nancy Lopez-Mellon took a nine on the par-5 13th hole the first day and knocked herself into a permanent deficit. Beth Daniel, one of the most consistent players on the circuit, got upset at a photographer during the opening round and made a triple bogey and two bogeys before she cooled down three holes later. On Saturday, with the thermometer at 101° and not a cloud in the sky, Stacy poured water down the back of her neck on every tee.

Throughout all this, Alcott remained unruffled if not cool. Moyness stayed



Kerchief in place, Alcott marches on to an Open record

## She kept the heat on

*The 100° weather during the Women's Open got to everyone but Amy Alcott*

with her for a time; then her putter began misfiring, earning itself the nickname "the Mox-Ness Monster." She even four-putted one hole. One by one the challengers fell away. On Saturday Lopez-Mellon threatened—until she went four over par on a three-hole stretch. The tour's leading money-winner, Donna Caponi Young, was within two strokes early the same day before ballooning to six over par in the next 10 holes. After that, everyone was playing for second place.

Alcott, 24, thus fulfilled the promise she showed as a precocious Californian

who had learned the game by hitting balls into a backyard practice net and putting into soap cans set into her parents' lawn. After her first lesson, the pro told her mother, "You're a blessed woman." Alcott took the USGA Junior Girls title in 1973, turned pro at 18 and won the third tournament in which she played. Since then she has won at least one title each season, and last year she blossomed with four victories and a third-place finish (\$144,-\$338.61) on the money list.

Other players say one reason Alcott is raking in so much loot is that she uses her head, especially when she's on the course. The rational approach worked for her in the blast furnace last week. When adversity threatened, she just stared it in the eye and went to her short game, which ranks with the best. On the 16th hole Thursday her approach flew 40 yards over the green, but she salvaged a thinking-player's bogey. And after a misplaced first shot at the 17th on Saturday, she was tempted to try to hit her second shot over some trees to the green. She thought better of it, chipped out, wedged on and sank a 10-foot par putt. Routine.

But smarts isn't Alcott's only notable quality. She seems to have had the good fortune to be born with a killer instinct. And she puts so well that she makes the game a whole lot simpler for herself. In all four rounds of the Open, Alcott had only one three-putt green, and that came from 12 feet on the first day.

Because it was the Open and seeing as it was hotter than hot, even Alcott had troubles. The heat caused her hands to become swollen and she had to keep putting ice on them. "I feel as if I'm wearing baseball mitts," she said. And the bluebird of happiness flew over her at the 15th hole Thursday. "It went poopoo on me," she said with a laugh. "It must have been a Lopez fan."

Earlier that morning, Alcott had walked into the locker room wearing a kerchief tied around her neck, and when the other players began hooting about it,

*continued*

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she had a ready answer. "I'm going to rob a bank today," she said. Actually, the robbery took four days, but it was easier than most.

The new Open champion doesn't play golf as it is taught by your standard pro. But her unorthodox three-quarter swing is effective, and she has a delicate touch with a wedge. She also carries a seven-wood, an unusual club she has had since she was 14. "When that baby goes and I have to put it to sleep, it'll be a sad day," she says.

The narrow Richland course and its par of 36-35-71 obviously suited Alcott. "I like bowling-alley fairways," she says. "I like tight courses where you can't sit out in a wide fairway and read a dirty book or something." Richland was all uphill, downhill and sidehill, with trees guarding not only the greens but also the fairways. But whenever Alcott was faced with an obstacle, she escaped from the "hernia grass" rough with her seven-wood, bent an iron shot, finessed a chip with one of her three wedges or lagged up a 40-foot putt. The heat had one beneficial side effect for her and the other players. To prevent the greens from turning in disa, the USGA had to keep them damp and iron shots could be sailed at the pin, and that is Alcott's style. "I'm a go-for-the-quick player," she says.

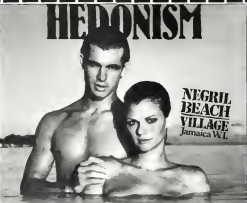
Alcott claims to have made two important decisions in her life. The first came when she was nine and was vacillating between tennis and golf. She chose golf because it was on TV. "I thought everybody was named Labron and Byron, talked with a Texas accent and said, 'Nice shot, pardnah.'" The other decision came after she had graduated from high school and won more than 150 junior tournaments. "Amy, you've found your niche," she said to herself. "You don't want to go to college, you want to go out and knock sticks down."

Alcott has a wry sense of humor and tells a story about what it is like to be young, single, Jewish and rosy-cheeked on the tour. "These Jewish parents keep calling me up and telling me they want me to meet their sons," she says. "They say, 'You'll like him. He'll walk the course with you.' I guess I should be out trying to meet a doctor or a lawyer, but I'm having too much fun."

Imagine, having fun at a U.S. Open! Not many people have done that. But last week, in all the heat and humidity, Alcott had a ball.

END

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# MAN NOT MYTH

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*He has a taste for wine, a love of roses, but life was not always this way for Chuck Noll, the unknown coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers*

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

CONSTRUCTION BY ED KASPER

CONTINUED

**T**he date: Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1975. The scene: a breakfast press conference at the Pittsburgh Steelers' Super Bowl hotel, the Fontainebleau in New Orleans. Steeler Coach Chuck Noll—chunky, sandy-haired, solid-looking in tan pants and light blue pullover—is at the lectern; his team is a 3½-point favorite over the Minnesota Vikings. A TV light is hitting Noll across the eyes. He squints. This is an annoyance, a distraction. He tries to stare it down. The light wins. Now Noll clears his throat. The press conference is about to begin.

"What about the old formula that says experienced teams beat newcomers in the Super Bowl?" someone asks Noll. The Vikings have been blown out twice in the Super Bowl, which makes them experienced; Pittsburgh is playing in the game for the first time.

"What about the old formula that every team that's beaten Oakland for the AFC championship has won the Super Bowl?" Noll says. There is a buzz in the room. I write "research that" in my notebook.

Someone asks Noll about Pittsburgh's 1969 game against the Vikings. It was his first season as the Steelers' coach. They finished 1-13, and the Vikings beat them 52-14.

"It's a game I'd rather forget," Noll says.

"What happened?"

"I've forgotten it already."

Someone asks Noll what happens when a team abandons its game plan and goes to something else.

"When you abandon your game plan, that's called losing your poise," Noll says. "We don't intend to. That's not in our game plan."

And so it went. Some light humor, a touch of the cerebral, no great revelations. And when it was over, the writers were a little uneasy, because underneath the intelligence and the articulateness was the hint of something unsettling. The curled lip? A bit of disdain? Is this man really telling us we're a bunch of dumb bunnies who are wasting his time?

And through the years, through Noll's four Super Bowl victories over the last six seasons, the writers have sneered back. At one Super Bowl a note was posted on the press room bulletin board: "Highlights of Chuck Noll's Press Conference." Underneath: a blank. In 1975 a sportswriter rated Noll the NFL's third-worst interview, behind Duane Thomas and George Allen. Such treatment was never accorded Vince Lombardi, who browbeat the press, or Paul Brown, who manipulated it. The Packers were always Lombardi's Packers, the Browns were always Brown's Browns. Hey, the man even named the team after himself.

But the Steelers are Terry Bradshaw and Mean Joe Greene and old Art Rooney. The 48-year-old Noll has never been an image guy—except to the people of Pittsburgh. No TV show of his own, no books about him, no endorsements. "Get one of the players," Noll will always say.

"He did one, for Pittsburgh National Bank," says Noll's 22-year-old son, Chris, a June graduate of the University of Rhode Island. "He did it as a personal favor for a guy. The ad said, 'Save \$500, get this free shirt, and you'll look good, too.' It showed him wearing the shirt, smiling, with his arms folded in front of a blackboard that had C-15T diagrammed on it, a tackle trap. He thought it was going to be a one-shot deal, a newspaper ad, but they put it on billboards all over town, one of them just as you enter the Fort Pitt tunnel. He had to see it every day when he drove to work, and every time he passed it he frowned."

Asked about it, Noll smiles, shakes his head. "An embarrassment," he says. But why? What's so terrifying about publicity, personal recognition?

"It's just my nature," he says. "I've always been that way. I've always avoided publicity. I've never been good copy at any stage of my life. I don't strive for it, because I don't think it's important whether I'm good copy or not. The two can go together, if that's your personality, but every person on this earth is unique. I've never tried to pattern myself after anybody. You have to be what you are, and this is what I am."

Well, what is Chuck Noll?

To Art Rooney Jr., a Steeler vice-president and director of scouting, Noll's "the reason why we were all flown down to Washington a few months ago to be honored by the U.S. Senate. Before him we were just those cheap, dumb Rooneys who couldn't find their way from the North Side to the airport."

To his son, Chris, Noll's "a man I've only recently learned to really appreciate."

To his quarterback, Terry Bradshaw, Noll's a man with whom he's never got along.

To Giants General Manager George Young, who worked with him in Baltimore, Noll's "a head coach who has learned to control his ego better than anyone in the game. He's like a great Harvard professor who keeps turning out Rhodes scholars and yet doesn't want to do anything but teach, doesn't want to be a dean or a department head. He's happy where he is. I have seen less of a change in him as a person, since he was an assistant at Baltimore, than anyone else in such a high position."

To Pittsburghers, Noll's the coach with the cosmopolitan tastes—fine wine, good food, classical music.

To the rest of the country, Noll's... well, the guy who coaches the Steelers.

To his wife of 24 years, Marianne, Noll's "a very, very private person. I read some of the things written about him, and I say, 'No, no, he's not like that at all. He's... well, he's just Chuck.' Sometimes I almost wish that he'd seek publicity, that he'd open up, so people could understand what he's done. But then he wouldn't be Chuck. He wouldn't

be the man I fell in love with and married. He's got a very sturdy ego, but as for vanity... absolutely none."

Steelers players have mixed reactions to their coach's lack of vanity. Lynn Swann says, "I read about some of these coaches with their own TV shows, the guys who take 10 blazers with them on a road trip, who are always immaculately dressed on the sidelines, and then I look over at Coach Noll, with that blue woolen cap of his. And I think, well, it would be very hard for me to adjust to one of those other people now."

"Look, I want a coach who knows how to win," Jack Lambert says. "I wouldn't care if he came dressed in a monk coat."

A winner. The word makes Noll wince. "I'm a teacher," he says. "Players win, coaches teach them. I teach."

History—another word Noll doesn't like—evaluates him this way: four Super Bowl titles. Brown won eight championships, four of them in the old All-America Football Conference. Lombardi won five, including two Super Bowls, but two of his titles came under the old one-game formula, before the three-step progression to the Super Bowl. Noll has never gone into "the ultimate game," as the TV people say, and lost. Lombardi lost once; Brown lost four times. Also, Noll's Steelers have won 14 postseason games, one

fewer than the record held by the Dallas Cowboys. As for exotica, Noll's Steelers don't get "upset." In their eight playoff years (1972-79), the Steelers' record against teams with records below .500 is 59-1; until the Bengals upset them in 1979, they were 56-0.

It's three weeks after the 1980 Super Bowl—Steelers 31, Rams 19—and it's a snowy night in Pittsburgh. The restaurant is built for comfort. Soft, elegant, French. Good food, good wine, no distractions. The doorman says goodbye to Chuck and Marianne Noll as they leave.

"I want to thank you for what you've done for this city," he says. He's an old-timer, bald and wrinkled. "I tell people I'm from Pittsburgh now, and I'm proud."

Noll smiles and thanks him, and they shake hands. But the smile has given the doorman courage. "Here's one," he says. "Why is Franco such a great runner?"

Noll waits. He knows what's coming. The joke is a one-liner with the standard black and Italian ethnic slurs. His jaw sets, his lips tighten. It's a look his players are familiar with. Rage usually follows, but this time Noll just shakes his head and goes out the door, into the snow. Franco Harris, who has given him eight superb seasons, who has played in pain so many times, who busted the Vikings *continued*

*Except when games bring him to the fore, Noll stays in the background, letting players get the glory*



for 158 yards in the '75 Super Bowl, who pulled the ball out of nowhere to beat Oakland in the '72 playoffs. How many times has Noll beard this kind of one-liner? "Oh, only three or four times a day," his wife says.

The house at 7215 Montgomery Ave. on Cleveland's East Side is long and narrow, with peeling white paint. It's two stories high, with green trim on the wooden awnings over the windows and a scrubby little yard in front. It was built some 90 years ago by a German immigrant named Henry Steigerwald, and in it he would raise 13 children, of whom Chuck Noll's mother was the first. Katherine Steigerwald married William Noll in 1917, and in the bleak Depression year of 1932 she gave birth to her third and last child, Charles Henry Noll.

"We lived with my grandparents at 7215 Montgomery," Noll says. "In the Depression it wasn't that uncommon for families to live together like that. I haven't been back there for a while. I'm not even sure the house is still standing."

It's still standing and still occupied, an undistinguished house in the middle of a three-block street in a neighborhood that is—and was in Noll's childhood—predominately black. Montgomery's eastern terminus is at East 74th, and it dead ends at the grim, dark brick wall of a heavy-equipment factory to the west. Above a battered aluminum door in front of the house, a sign reads: SIDE DOWN, PLEASE. The side door swings open to the touch. A shepherd dog appears, sniffs once and backs off without barking. An elderly man in a bathrobe follows him out.

"No, I didn't know Chuck Noll once lived here," he says, "I don't know a Chuck Noll. Sorry."

"The neighborhood's pretty much the same as it was 40 years ago," says another resident. "Except for the fires. There used to be a fire once a week. Leveled a lot of the area, leveled and just left vacant. There were a few factories around here at one time, but most of them are abandoned now."

It's a grim-looking neighborhood, but not without its athletic tradition. A couple of miles away stands East Tech, where Jesse Owens and Harrison Dillard ran track. In a desk drawer in Noll's office is a 1941 picture of a neighborhood football team called the Clippers. One of the two coaches and 13 of the 23 players are black. The stars were Harold Owens, Jesse's nephew, and Burrell Shields, who

played halfback for the Baltimore Colts 14 years later. At the end of the front row is a husky 9-year-old, Chuck Noll.

There were few athletic heroes around Cleveland in those days, few idols. "No spectator sports," Noll says. "Maybe you'd go up and watch the sandlot baseball games for a while, but that was it. My older brother, Robert, played some high school football, but I never watched him. He was 12 years older than I. My sister, Rita, was eight years older. You could say I grew up practically as an only child. Sports meant getting a baseball and throwing it around. You'd play any way you could, even if there was only one other guy; you'd throw grounders in the street."

Noll's father was a butcher; his mother worked for a florist named Elsie Kirchner. "I wouldn't say we were poor," Noll says. "I'd say lower-income. There's a difference. I'd see other people with a little more than we had, and maybe I'd envy them a bit, but in the long run it ended up being the best thing that could have happened to me. You knew that if you wanted something you'd have to get it yourself. No one was going to give it to you. You became a realist very early in life. Lack of material things is not as important as lack of emotional things. We were a very close family. A lot of people are loaded with material stuff, but they're poor from an emotional standpoint. They're the ones who are deprived."

When Chuck was 10 the Nolls moved to Robinson, Ill., where William Noll got a job directing a fleet of trucks for White Rose Gas. It was a step up, an escape from Cleveland's East Side, but a year later Mr. Noll began suffering from Parkinson's disease, which was to plague him the rest of his life. The family moved back to Cleveland, back to the same neighborhood.

"People have asked me what my goals in life were when I was little," Noll says. "I only had one goal: education. School. My mother had quit to go to work in the fifth grade, my father in the eighth. Our family was sold on the idea of education. I started at Holy Trinity when I was five. I was always a year ahead of everybody, but that was fine with me. The sooner I got to school the better."

By the time Noll was 12 he had his immediate future mapped out. Benedictine High, the Bengals, the dream of almost every Catholic family on the East Side. An imposing fortress set on a hill overlooking Cleveland's Hungarian community ("At one time the highest concentration of Hun-



Noll played a hotshot hot corner in a Steeler softball game.



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garian people, next to Budapest," says the school's sports information director, Walter Mieskoski, Benedictine was a no-nonsense place where the clergy greatly outnumbered the laity on the faculty, where they turned out scholars and where you paid for your education—\$150 a year.

"I started saving for the tuition when I was in the seventh grade," Noll says. "I got a job in the Fisher Brothers meat market on Cedar, washing counters and waiting on customers. I'd ride over on a bike after school. I'd work from three to six every afternoon but Wednesday, and all day Saturday. They paid me 55¢ an hour, big money in those days."

When Noll enrolled at Benedictine in 1945, he'd saved almost enough money to cover two years' tuition.

He went out for freshman basketball. "It was the only sport where I could make the practices," Noll says. "They were at 7:30 in the morning. The games were in the afternoon, so I missed them. I was still working at Fisher's. Made all the practices, missed all the games. They never said anything. You can tell how important I was to the team."

"I don't think anyone knew he was working," says a priest who was at Benedictine at the time. "He never told anybody, never said much about anything. He was always very quiet, very determined."

By his sophomore year Noll had saved enough to cover his third year's tuition. "I decided to get involved in athletics—seriously," he says. "I quit my job and went out for football. I wanted to see how it went. If it worked out, fine. If not, I'd go back to work."

He was 5' 11", 175 pounds, with decent speed. They put him at fullback. He was a fumbler. "Why? I don't know," he says. "I just couldn't hang on to the football. So they moved me to guard—right guard on offense, nose guard, over the center, on defense." Noll showed enough as a sophomore to get an athletic scholarship for his last two years. In his junior year, there was a new coach, a balding, whip-cracking 240-pounder from Mingo Junction, Ohio, named Joe Rufus. Joe Ruthless, the kids called him. In 1948, Noll's senior season, Benedictine had its first unbeaten team. In the city championship game, which made front-page headlines in all the Cleveland pa-

pers and was played before 45,117 fans in Municipal Stadium, the Bengals beat South High 7-0 on a touchdown pass with 50 seconds left.

"I remember the game was played on a muddy field," says Noll's sister, Rita Deininger. "The only way I could pick Chuck out was by his size. He seemed little."

The Benedictine squad picture shows Noll as a tough-looking towhead with a mean squint. Program weight: 180. Rufus, the athletic director at Benedictine now, 40 pounds and half a head of hair lighter, remembers Noll as "a scrapper, but not a guy to start fights. Very studious kid, very

conscious, but if someone shoved him, he'd shove back."

"I wanted to learn," Noll says. "They were very technique conscious at Benedictine, Joe Rufus and especially Al Stromsder, the line coach. They didn't just tell you to line up. They taught me how to play the center, how to square up with him and neutralize him and get to the football. They worked on my defensive charge. By my senior year everything came together. What kind of a kid was I? Well, I didn't get into fights. I was more of a watcher."

"He never asked anyone for help, always did things on his own," Rufus says. "I don't think anyone in school knew there was sickness in his family, that his father had Parkinson's disease. He'd work things out by himself. I still remember him coming up out of the wrestling room one day—he was on the wrestling team, and the wrestling room was down below the stage in the old gym—and walking up to one of the high-jump bars in the gym, jumping over it and walking away, without a word to anybody. It must have been around 5½ feet. Natural talent. He went out for track,

too. A hurdler. He wasn't that fast, but he had nice form going over the hurdles.

"He sort of roamed around on his own. He didn't make friends easily and had very few dates, if any. He wasn't the kind of kid you could get close to. He was a good student, but no teacher's pet; he didn't go for that. He wasn't the greatest guy at keeping up a conversation, he wouldn't prolong it—let's put it that way. He'd give you the short drop-off, and then it was up to you to think of something



At the University of Dayton, Noll studied to become a teacher.

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else to say. In football he was the small guy on the line who wasn't noticed. We had two big tackles that got a lot of recognition: Ed Powell, who became a hurdler at Notre Dame, and Bill Shaker, who went to Purdue. The ends were big types, too. Chuck was the guy who got overlooked."

Mieszkowski recently put out a poop sheet on Noll's Benedictine days, including some quotes. From Joe Gliwink, a guard for archrival Cathedral Latin: "Chuck did the job and let others get the glory." From Art Deininger, Noll's teammate and a cousin of Rita's husband: "He was a damned good average player."

Various biographies have awarded Noll recognition that starts with all-city and progresses to all-state. The thought of it causes Noll to smile. "All-*Universe Bulletin*," he says, "that's the diocesan paper." Actually, in his senior year he made first team all-Catholic, a squad drawn from the city's four big Catholic schools, and third team all-city, a squad drawn from 20 schools.

Noll had solid credentials in the classroom. He graduated 28th in a class of 252. He took the required English and Latin courses but avoided the linguistic estroica, i.e., German, Spanish, Slovak and Polish. His last semester was a showpiece: 85 in English; 90 in solid geometry, physics and physical training; 92 in woodwork; 98 in sociology. Average: 90.8. Fancy numbers for a three-sport athlete. One college came through with a four-year scholarship—Dayton, which was coached by Joe Gavin, a Notre Damer of the Rockne era. Gavin had once coached at Cleveland's Holy Name High School, and he had noted that in 1948 Benedictine time had beaten his old school 23-0, thanks in part to a tough little towhead named Noll in the middle of the line.

"Joe was basically a teacher," Noll says. "Very strong on offensive fundamentals, on blocking techniques." He pauses for a moment and stares down at the desk. "He was killed in a bunk in Dayton. A Bible-quoting fanatic came in and shot up the place one day. Joe was one of the people who got shot. It was not long after I graduated from college," Noll pauses.

"In my junior and senior years at Dayton I played tackle on offense and linebacker on defense, outside linebacker in

a 5-3. In 1950, my sophomore year, I was an offensive guard, and they tried me at left halfback on defense, cornerback actually. We played Kentucky that year; they were the nation's seventh-ranked team, the Sugar Bowl champs. Bear Bryant was the coach, Babe Parilli the quarterback, and they went to work on me. I remember they had two Joneses alternating at right end, numbers 1A and 1B. They kept running those Joneses at me, deep post patterns. That's all I saw that day, 1A and 1B flying down the field. They hit a 40-yarder over me, then another. I didn't play much cornerback after that. They scored 40 points on us in the

first half, and that's the way the game ended, 40-0. After the game Bear kept them there and scrimmaged them. He was mad because they let up in the second half. Six years later Babe was my roommate on the Browns. Paul roomed him with me because he thought I'd be a good influence on him. I asked Babe about that day he kept running those Joneses at me. He didn't even remember it, I remember."

The Flyers were an interesting bunch, featuring such players as Leroy Kane, the Hyphenated Hawaiian, and 5' 7" Bobby Recker, the Rambliin' Recker, as he was known, "150 pounds of gridiron dynamite," according to *Football Illustrated*. In 1951 Dayton went 7-2 but lost to Houston in the Salad Bowl at Phoenix. Before the 1952 season Noll, then a senior, got his picture in *Street and Smith's Football Yearbook*. The caption read: "Chuck Noll, 210-pound tackle, sparks the line in the Flyers' drive for another Bowl invitation." But in 1952 Dayton tailed off to 6-5.

In those days NFL scouting and drafting began with the roster and ended with a telephone call. In the Dayton offensive line the only size belonged to Jim Raiff, a 230-pounder who played the other tackle, and Ed Clemens, the 235-pound center. But when the pro teams called Gavin, he'd tell them about "my little tackle, Chuck Noll."

"How big did you say he was?" "Well, he's only 210, but he won't embarrass you. He knows what he's doing."

The Dayton players had given Noll the nickname "the Pope." Unquestionable knowledge. It's a nickname Noll ad-



With Cleveland, Noll played both linebacker and offensive guard.

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ways detested, but Paul Brown is fond of reminding people that it earned into the pros. "I always liked that nickname, the Pope," Brown says. "because Chuck never did anything wrong." But if Noll's Flyer teammates could chide him, they also weren't above electing him their co-captain.

"At the time I felt I knew all there was to know about football," Noll says. "Actually I didn't know anything. It was only when I got into coaching that I saw how little I really knew. Looking back on it, I was probably a pretty good offensive technician, but only because I'd had good teachers. That was what I was interested in going into at the time—teaching. I had no thoughts about the pros. If coaching went along with the teaching, fine. I'd been carrying a 3.5 average as an education major, with math and science as my teaching fields, and I intended to teach after I graduated."

There is some disagreement about when the Browns actually picked Noll in 1953. Noll says that one day after he came back from his student teaching job, a writer called to tell him he'd been drafted in the 21st round. "I thought he meant drafted into the Army," Noll says. "The Korean War was going on." The bias on Noll have always called him a 21st-round choice. But NFL files reveal that the Browns' 21st-round pick in 1953 was a guard from Rice named Bill Crockett, that Noll was drafted on the 20th round. At the time it meant nothing to him.

"Signing me was no big deal," Noll says. "One of their assistant coaches—I guess it must have been Howard Brinker—came through Dayton that spring to look at films, and he said to me, 'You going home to Cleveland for Easter?' I said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Why don't you stop by the office and see Paul Brown?' He'd like to talk to you."

Noll's conversation with Brown lasted about two minutes. The contract Brown offered Noll was for \$5,000. "It was the standard pay for rookies," Noll says. "The higher drafts got more bonus money. I'd been offered \$2,700 to teach. I signed with the Browns. Paul looked at me and said, 'Well, you're big enough; let's see if you're brave enough.' I weighed 209 at the time."

By late summer, it was obvious that Noll was going to make the team. Bob August of the Cleveland Press wrote that

Noll was the "surprise package" of the Browns' camp. "He looks like Lin Houston did 10 years ago," Brown said. The 32-year-old Houston, who played guard and was a master of blocking technique, had been an original Brown; he was one of the coach's all-time favorites. In November, Hal Lebowitz of the Cleveland News did the first lengthy feature on Noll. Lebowitz asked him about his social life. "First I've got to make good," the 21-year-old Noll said. "Then maybe I can get serious about girls."

Twenty-three years later, at a Steeler press conference, Noll spotted Lebowitz from the dais. "There's the man who wrote the first feature story on me," Noll said. "He asked me if I had any special interests, and I told him music and Stan Getz, the jazz saxophonist. He scratched it out, probably because he didn't know who Stan Getz was."

In his rookie year Noll became the starting right guard, the messenger guard, alternating with Houston. Abe Gibrin played the left side. "The guys who started on offense were the guys who'd had a lot of technique work," Noll says. "It gave me a jump on the field."

The quotes about Noll from his old Brown teammates sound as if they come from a script left over from his Benedictine days. "Intense, competitive, excellent technique—the perfect Paul Brown type," Mike McCormack says. "Quick and studious—he'd watch films," says John Sandusky, who played the tackle next to Noll. "I don't think I ever remember him getting into a fight on the field," says Jet Coach Walt Michaels, then the Cleveland right linebacker and later the Browns' captain. "He was more of a discipline-type guy. He was low-keyed, not the kind of guy to give coaches any lip, which is what Paul Brown liked. And he didn't talk much. Paul always used to tell us, 'When you win, say nothing. When you lose, say less.' He didn't like mouthy guys."

Most teams were righthanded, so the strongest defensive lineman was usually the left tackle. Noll hung in against the best of them: Leo Nomellini, Thurman McGraw, Gil (Wild Hoss) Mains. An old game chart shows that in Noll's fifth pro start he had a good game against All-Pro Arnie Weinmeister of the Giants in the Polo Grounds. Another chart shows he had another good out-

ing against Weinmeister in December.

No system ever produced more first-rate coaches than Paul Brown's: Noll; Michaels; Don Shula, who broke in as a player under Brown; Weeb Ewbank and Blanton Collier, who were assistants when Noll played in Cleveland. But underlying everything was fear—fear for job security. "There are two things in football you can't lick: youth and speed," was a favorite Brownism. The older players weren't wild about it.

"I guess there was fear there," Noll says. "I've heard people say it, and I'm sure there were people afraid of him, but I didn't feel it. I felt I was learning—from Fritz Heiser and Howard Brinker and Blanton and Weeb, as much as from Paul himself. They had a unique system of dividing the work. An assistant would take charge of one offensive and defensive unit, the people who worked against each other. For instance, Weeb would have the offensive tackles and defensive ends; Fritz would have the middle three on offense and defense; Blanton would handle the offensive backfield and receivers and also the defensive secondary. Everything was beautifully organized."

And when the Browns took the field, Brown would call all the plays. "The oldest quarterback in football," Noll says.

**I**n the off-seasons Noll had a job selling insurance for Manufacturer's Life. At night he went to law school at Cleveland Marshall. He couldn't stand the thought of wasting time. He also had financial burdens. His parents were in their early 60s when he joined the Browns. His father had a part-time job as a parking-lot attendant, but as the Parkinson's disease got worse, there were longer stretches during which he couldn't work. Noll lived with his parents. He supported them.

He didn't open up much to people. What was there to talk about? A life devoted to escaping from Cleveland's East Side? Work, always work, ever since he was 12? The lingering shadow of sickness? There was satisfaction, but no great jubilation. Satisfaction was a well-executed block, a perfect score on one of Brown's written tests, the knowledge that at 220 pounds he could hold his own against the 275-pound Jim Roccas of the NFL. Inner satisfaction—that would lose its meaning in conversation. "The mouth

is the mirror of the mind," Noll would say. "If you keep your mouth shut, people don't know what's on your mind."

"He was bright, so bright, but he always seemed kind of driven," says Marianne, "and he had all those family responsibilities." She was a secretary at the Cleveland Clinic. Her roommate was dating Herschel Forester, a Brown guard. One day the roommate fixed Marianne up with Noll. "The first time I saw him he had gold teeth," Marianne says. "He looked strange. They used to put gold pivots in and spray them with enamel. When I met him the enamel was wearing off."

They went together for a year before they were married. They exchanged books. She took him to his first concert, the Cleveland Orchestra in Severance Hall. "The team used to hang out in a bar in Shaker Heights called The Wagon Wheel," Noll says. "I courted my wife in the back of that bar. We played a card game called 31 and drank Michelob. In the basement was a great restaurant run by two Frenchmen, Louie and Etienne, two brothers. They'd come to Cleveland after the war and tried to start a business, selling lunches to the mill workers, but they couldn't make a go of it. Doc Mangine, who owned the bar, let them set up a restaurant in the basement. One night a woman in a fur coat came upstairs from the restaurant and saw us playing cards, and she said to the man with her, 'This is going from the sublime to the ridiculous.'"

"When Louie and Etienne had leftovers, they'd come upstairs and say, 'You want anything?' And then they'd chop up all that great tenderloin or tournedos, with that sauce, and make us the best hamburgers you've ever tasted. One night Doc took us downstairs and treated us to a meal—Don Colo and his wife, the McCormacks, Marianne and me. We were from 7:30 until 11:30, everything they had on the menu, with a different wine for each dish. What did I know about wine? All I knew was that I liked it. I'd keep a case of Great Western Sparkling Catawba in the trunk of the car, 99¢ a bottle. In the winter it meant that I always had a chilled wine handy."

In 1955 a hole opened up at linebacker; Tommy Thompson had been hurt the previous season, and Tom Culin was in the service. Noll was shifted to left linebacker, teaming with Michaels in a 5-2

continued

defense. He had five interceptions that season. "We'd overshift the line and drop off one of the ends," Noll says, "so in a sense we were playing an early 4-3. I'd play either middle linebacker or outside, depending on the formation."

In the fifth game of 1957 Noll broke his arm tackling the Cardinals' Ollie Matson. His No. 65 was immediately given to Stan Sheriff, who had come from San Francisco in a trade. Then Catlin wore No. 65 in the championship game. Sentiment meant little to Brown. "I guess they missed the jersey around," Noll says. "Maybe they were short of them."

In 1958 Noll was moved back to right guard, the messenger, alternating with Gene Hickerson. The following year he lost his job to John Wooten, a high-powered rookie. Youth and speed—Paul Brown's credo. "Jim Ray Smith, our left guard, got hurt in the Baltimore game in 1959," Michaels says. "Chuck came in for him and at 220 pounds had to go the route against Big Daddy Lipscomb. You've got to worry a little; I mean, now you're dealing with a 300-pound monster. We won 38-31, and I remember Chuck doing a hell of a job against Big Daddy. I also remember that when we were up 31-17 the game became a brawl."

"What I remember about that game against the Colts," Noll says, "is that I ran a kickoff back 20 yards."

**T**he head coaching job at Dayton opened up after the '59 season.

It was time for Noll to take a long look at his career. He was 28. He was making \$9,000 a year. At 220 he was the lightest Cleveland offensive lineman by 22 pounds. "I was one of the supporting cast," he says. "I was never one of the big shooters. I could have played some more, maybe four or five more years, but so what? By then I realized that coaching was the one thing I wanted to do. I talked it over with Marianne. The money wasn't important. I've never made a decision based on money. So I applied for the Dayton job, and I got turned down, rightfully, because I had absolutely no idea how to run a program."

But Noll was committed to the idea of coaching. A new league, the AFL, was forming, and the Los Angeles Chargers offered him the job of defensive line coach. He jumped at it. "I think Paul

felt I was trying to jump leagues and go there as a player," Noll says. "He'd always stressed the idea of pro football being an interim between college and the rest of your life. He used to call it: 'Getting into your life's work.' O.K., I was getting into it. Paul was in Europe at the time. When the club told him I was leaving, he sent word back advising me to read the fine print on my contract. I still had an option year left. But there was nothing against quitting as a player and becoming a coach."

The Los Angeles Chargers, soon to be the San Diego Chargers, had an extraordinary staff: Sid Gillman at the top, Noll coaching the defensive linemen, Jack Faulkner (now of the Rams) and Joe Maddo (now pro scout for the Raiders) with the secondary and offensive line, Al Davis (now managing general partner of the Raiders) handling the receivers and Don Klosterman (now general manager of the Rams) running the talent department, assisted by Al LeCasale (now executive assistant of the Raiders). It was the era of the secret draft and the baby-sitters, of fireworks in the meeting room.

"The big, bad NFL had everything going for it, but we drafted early," Noll says. "The NFL did most of the baby-sitting. We had to bring them in; the NFL had to go out and keep them away from us. We had only eight teams; they had 13 that first year, then 14. We went through 52 rounds in 1960; they had 20. So we only had to win a few of them to be in business. One year we drafted John Brown, the tackle from Syracuse who later played for me on the Steelers. He weighed everything very carefully. Finally Sid took off his watch and gave it to him. 'Here,' Sid said. Brown said, 'I'll get back to you.' Later Brown decided to go with the NFL, but he mailed the watch back to Sid. That tells you something about John Brown."

"The AFL was a great place to be in these days. You really had to coach. You weren't getting finished products. You dealt with a lot of rejects. I think it showed that a lot of people could play the game, given the opportunity. We were the opportunity."

What about Davis, now Noll's bitter-est rival in the NFL?

Pause. A tactful answer. "Al's a competitor," Noll says. "He was then, and he still is. On all levels. He worked with

Sid on the passing game. Being associated with Al was..."

Don't say it, Chuck. A good learning experience.

"Right. A good learning experience."

In Noll's six years the Chargers won five division titles and one AFL championship. He put together one of the early Fearsome Foursomes—Ernie Ladd, Earl Faison, Bill Hudson and Ron Nery. When Faulkner left to coach the Broncos in '62, Noll took over the linebackers and secondary. The AFL was basically a passing league, with a lot of bump and run in the secondary, but Noll added some zone concepts and some sophistication. In each of his last three years the Chargers led the AFL in pass defense.

"Toward the end he had complete charge of the defense," Gillman says. "He was a real fine idea man, bright but stubborn. God, he was stubborn. You really had to sell him on something before he'd go with it. It happens with all bright people. You've just got to lay it out for them, one-two-three-four-five."

In 1966 Noll left the AFL and joined the Baltimore Colts for a three-year stint under Don Shula, for the final polishing-up before a head coaching job. He ran the Colt defense as part of a tight staff of which four of the five assistants—Bill Arnsparger, Don McCaffery, John Sandusky and Noll—eventually got NFL head coaching spots.

"We'd all go down to the Towson YMCA and play handball and basketball three mornings a week in the off-season," says Upton Bell, who was the Colts' Director of Player Personnel. "On the basketball court Chuck was the kind of guy who always guarded you very closely. When he made up his mind he was going to put the clamps on you, he'd do it. One day he got very mad at me, and we were pushing and shoving. Then I ran him into a pick and he grabbed me. Shula had to step in and break it up."

"As a coach he helped firm up our zone coverage, but he brought in a lot of AFL stuff, too—odd fronts, linebacker support, mixed coverages where you play bump and run and then run a guy off into another zone. The thing Shula was really impressed with, though, was that Chuck was an outstanding teacher. He wanted to teach more than anything else. He was a complete teacher—a classroom guy but great with the players on the field, too. He



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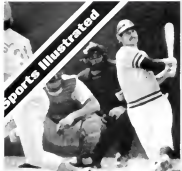
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**Sports Illustrated**



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had the patience, but I've seen him get angry. He had a temper. People on the staff liked to needle him, it happens to people who get all wrapped up in what they're doing and have a tendency to lecture you. They'd call him Knute Knowledge and Tommy Terminology."

According to Bell, Noll did no politicking for a head coaching job. "He figured that as a member of Shula's staff, any achievement would be recognized," Bell says. "The writers would go to him for information, and he'd give it to them, but he'd say, 'Hey, look, you don't have to use my name.'" George Young, who worked with Bell in the personnel department, remembers Noll as "a coach who was more interested in the personnel aspect of things than any of the other coaches. He was willing to pound the pavement and look at people."

"He was always popping into my room," Bell says, "and he'd say, 'Uppie, remember, you win with defense.' I'd tell him, 'Ais, hell, it's just because you're the defensive coach.' He'd say, 'Let me show you why,' and he'd go through all the championships and Super Bowls to prove his point."

"He was stubborn. We would argue over anything: politics, the national situation, who's going to the moon, whether or not some guy could play. I'd say, 'Dummit, the guy can't play. He's a pussy-cat.' And Chuck would say, 'I'm telling you he can.' And I'd say, 'Well, let's ask Shula.' Shula would sit back and smile. He loved it. Before I went to New England, Shula sat me down and said, 'Uppie, I want to tell you one thing. I always thought there was one area where both you and Chuck have a problem. Neither of you will ever admit he's wrong.'"

"I have to laugh at all this stuff I've written about Chuck now. It's the veneer they see. I always had a lot of fun with him."

In Noll's final season in Baltimore his defense gave up 10.3 points per game, the last time any team had done better in 1944. The last word, though, was the 16-7 Super Bowl loss to the Jets.

"To lose in a game like that... it was absolutely the worst, so crushing," Noll says. "Our guys were worn down by the end of the week. Everyone kept asking them, 'What makes you so great? Why are you so great?' It was a reinforcement of a feeling I'd had: it's what you do on

the field that counts, not what you say, you can win the battle of the press and lose the game."

It all led to what has become a standard Nollism: "Do you know what an expert is? An expert is a guy who doesn't have to back up what he says."

After the Jets' victory over the Colts, Bell found himself standing next to Dan Rooney in an Orange Bowl elevator. As Bell recalls, "Dan said to me, 'At your party tonight, would you please tell Chuck Noll that I'd like to talk to him as soon as possible?'"

The Rooneys, having just fired Bill Austin, had given Joe Paterno, everybody's opening candidate, first crack at the Steeler job. He had turned it down. Nick Skorich was Noll's competition. The Patriots were closing fast on Noll, but Rooney says he wasn't going to be stamped into anything. He was going to take his time. The Steelers first interviewed Noll in the Kenilworth Hotel in Bal Harbour, Fla., the day after the Super Bowl. Rooney liked Noll's ideas, his knowledge of the Steelers.

**T**he assistant-coach ranks were where the NFL head coaches came from in those days, bringing coaches from the colleges to the NFL—the Chuck Fairbanks-Don Coryell trip—wasn't yet in vogue. Practically all the heavy hitters had been pro assistants—Shula, Tom Landry, Lombardi, Ewbank. (There was another interesting historical fact: losing NFL coaches never moved elsewhere and became winners. It wasn't like baseball, in which a manager could make the rounds until he got lucky. In football the verdict was in early. The only exception had been Lou Saban, who couldn't cut it at Boston and later won two titles at Buffalo, but that happened in the early AFL years, when success was measured by the draft picks you signed.)

Rooney wasn't about to let a big-name head coach talk him into signing one of his assistants; Rooney had already been burned by Lombardi, who had raved about Austin. So, 10 days after the interview at the Kenilworth, Rooney, this time with his dad sitting in, again met with Noll in the Steeler offices at the Roosevelt Hotel in Pittsburgh, and from time to time young Artie Rooney would pop in. As Dan remembers clearly, "It wasn't one of those peaches and cream inter-

views. Chuck wasn't afraid to argue."

"I was interested in two things," Artie says. "The first was race. We hadn't had a great situation in the past. I'd gotten tired of hearing the way talent was handicapped, that if a guy was black he was automatically moved down a peg. Chuck said he didn't give a damn about race. He said it wasn't race that causes trouble, it was the person. The way he said it sounded right."

Well, why not? Noll had grown up in a black neighborhood. As George Young says, "It was always interesting to me that Chuck could be conservative in his political views and yet so liberal in human relations."

"The second thing I wanted to know," Artie says, "is whether Chuck wanted his coaches to get involved in scouting. He said he most emphatically did, and that's when we got into an argument. I mean, we agreed that the draft was the only way to build the club, but I wanted the scouting department to have the last word on getting the talent. I'd been running the scouting for about four years. Eventually he won, but we went at it that day."

"He must have looked at me and thought, 'Holy hell, what am I going to do about him?' To Chuck's credit, when he got the job he didn't start changing the whole organization around. I mean, he let you keep your manhood. He could have said to me, 'I hear you like the theater. Why don't you draw your pay and go work at the Pittsburgh Playhouse?'"

"You know, this might sound stupid, but one of Chuck's successes is that he belongs in Pittsburgh," says Dan. "He fits in here. He's exactly like us. He prides Pittsburgh, he doesn't knock it. I guess maybe I saw something of that during that interview."

And so, on Jan. 27, 1969, Noll got the Steeler job. When he called home, he told 11-year-old Chris to take off his Colts' hat and put on the black and gold.

"Those old Colts," Chris said. "I'm a Steeler fan now."

END

## NEXT WEEK

Zimmerman gives a glimpse of Noll the private man, analyzes Noll's relations with Terry Bradshaw and Joe Greene, and persuades him to assess himself in two words.

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 7-13

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

**BOWLING**—STEVE COOK rolled a 289 to defeat Paul Miser by 89 pins and won a \$90,000 FPA tournament in Fresno.

**BOXING**—LARRY HOLMES successfully defended his W.B. heavyweight title by scoring a swift TKO over Scott LeDoux, of Bloomington, Mass. On the same card, SAUL MAMBY retained his W.B. super lightweight title with a 120-second TKO over Eusebio DeJesus.

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD scored a 14th-round TKO over Alvaro Yaguez Lopez to successfully defend his W.B. light heavyweight title in Madison, N.J.

MALRICE HOPE retained his WBC super welterweight title with a 10th-round TKO over Rocky Martinelli in Wembley, England.

**GOLF**—AMY ALCOCK fired a tournament record fourth-round 280 to beat Betsy Stacy by nine strokes and win the \$140,000 U.S. Women's Open in Nashville (July 12).

BILL KRATZERT shot a 27-under-par 266 to beat Howard Twitty by four strokes and win the \$200,000 Mid-America Open.

**HORSE RACING**—TALLER 158-66 ridden by Robert Hernandez defeated John Henry by 1½ lengths to win the \$180,000 Second Circuit stakes at Belmont. The 6-year-old gelding covered the 1½ miles in 2:25½.

BOLD YOUR TRICKS 151 26L Dave Penzinger up beat Overkater by a head to win the \$161,250 Conch-hunter Handicap at Ak-Sun Park. The 3-year-old horse won at 11.89½ for the 1½ miles.

NATIVE FANCY (99 20) with Laffie Pacey ahead outdrew Ky Pop by a neck to win the \$103 7½ Lasso Stakes at Hollywood Park. The 2-year-old filly completed the six furlongs in 1:10.

**NOTOR SPORTS**—ALAN JONES, averaging 125.496 mph in a Williams-Ford, won the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. He finished 11 seconds ahead of Nelson Piquet, who was driving a Brabham Ford.

JOHNNY RUTHERFORD drove a Chaparral-Cosworth at an average speed of 164.661 mph to beat Gordon Johncock in a Phoenix-Cosworth by 22.85 seconds and win the Mid-Ohio 250 at Lexington.

**SOCCER**—NASL Tulsa, which has held first place in the NASL Central Division for eight weeks, are on losing streak to five games and lost the lead. The Roughnecks fell to third-place Minnesota (twice, 5-4) as the Kioks snapped their four-game losing streak and 2-1 in Tulsa. Meanwhile, Dallas took the division lead by winning twice. The Tornado beat Chicago (4-3), with Klaus Toppmoller getting two goals and Mersbach by the same score making it six straight wins following seven consecutive defeats. The ASL Central-leading Sting (16-6) beat Rochester 4-1 to maintain a hefty lead over Denver. The Express split six games, losing 3-1 to Fort Lauderdale and beating the Cosmos 1-0 in a shoot-out. It was only the second time this season that New York won that out. Earlier in the week, Cosmos Forward-Girogo Chingagwa won the league's scoring lead from Seattle's Roger Davon with two goals—his 22nd and 23rd—in the Cosmos best struggling Philadelphia (4-13). 2-1. Souther Colorado Jack Rensel extended his NASL scoring record to 64 before a crowd of 34,350—Seattle's largest of the year—as the Sounders whipped Denver 3-0. New England (12-10) was kinder to fall from Washington (8-13), handing the Daps their fourth straight loss, by a 1-0 score. The Daps made first 2-0 to San Diego. The Tri-Mex now have won seven straight and trail second-place Tampa Bay by only one point in the ASL East. The Rowdies (13-10) and Fort Lauderdale (14-9), which was aided by two Left Schromm goals in beating Detroit 3-1, were tied for the lead and the Spikers beat Edmonton 3-2 in overtime. The Rowdies shattered San Jose 4-1 with two Oscar Fabiani goals and three Jay van der Veken goals, but also scored in the Annex 3-2 win over California, booked in the game winner at 82.29. Despite the loss, the Samtime still led Edmonton by 10 points in the ASL West.

ASL Sacramento suffering from the financial straits, was forced to forfeit its match with quickly rising Miami because the Gold couldn't afford the trip cost. So to satisfy the fans, the league sent New York, not scheduled to play the Americans until the end of the month, to take Sacramento's place. The United defeated Miami by losing 2-0—allowing the Americans in the Sacramento for first place in the American Conference. In other games, California winger Gerry O'Keefe scored with a minute left to overturn to beat Fresno Inferno 3-2, and National Conference leading Columbus defeated Cleveland Frontier the Cubans had scored Miami 4-1. The hard nosed Andy Chapman goals and a goal and two assists by Walter Schkathaus.

**TENNIS**—VEJAY AMBITHRAJ defeated Andrew Patison 6-1, 5-7, 6-3 to win the \$100,000 Hall of Fame tournament in Newport, R.I.

**TRAG & FIELD**—MAC WILKINS threw the decm 237' 10" in Helsinki, Finland to break by four inches his own American record, set in 1976.

MARY DECKER set an American women's record of 4:21.2 in the 1,600-meter run, in Stuttgart, West Germany. She broke the mark set by Jan Neuvill at the 1975 Olympics by 14 seconds.

BOMY MULLER, BARBEL WÖCKEL, INGRID ALERSWALD and MARILEES GOHRE of East Germany established a world record of 41.85 in the women's 400-meter relay, in Potsdam. Their time was .24 of a second faster than the last set by socialist East German team in 1979.

TATYANA BERYULINA of the U.S.S.R. threw the javelin 227' 11" in Potsdam, U.S.S.R. to break by 3" the women's world record set by Ruth Fuchs of East Germany earlier this year.

MARIA VERGOVA-PETKOVA of Bulgaria established a women's world record in the discus with a throw of 227' 7" in Sofia. She surpassed a mark by a foot the mark set by Evelyn Hall of East Germany at the 1976 Olympics.

MELFORDS—BRED: As coach of the Boston Bruins, GERRY CHEEVERS, 36, who has served as a goaltender, he replaces retiring coach Harry Sinden. In 16 seasons in the NHL and WHA, Cheevers had a 2.89 goals-against average.

BE SIGNED: By the Dallas Cowboys, Defensive End Ed Tom Tall Jones, 28, who retired in June 1979 to pursue a professional boxing career. Jones was strike-out in six bouts and had five knockouts.

SIGNED: By the New York Mets, DAIRY STRAWBERRY of Los Angeles, the first pick in June's baseball season (1980), to a contract that includes a reported \$200,000 signing bonus. The largest ever surpassing the estimated \$175,000 the Angels gave Rich Rothstein upon signing him in 1980.

## CREDITS

20—Steve Nystrom 21—John McNamara 22—Hiroshi Yamaguchi 23—John McNamara 24—Mickey Phipps 25—Barry Larkin 26—George (Yadorman) Bottoms 27—Mickey Phipps 28—Shane Bieber (Boston) 29—Rick Ruffalo 30—Richard Marcin 31—Walt Tautou Jr. (SI) 32—John McNamara 33—Walt Tautou Jr. 34—Columbus Pittsburgh Steelers 35—Red Brouwer (E. Regan) 36—Galego.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**FRANCISCO JAVIER OLIVERAS**  
San Francisco, Puerto Rico

Francisco, 17, a right-handed pitcher for the Yabacoos Canniblers of the Amateur Baseball Federation, set a league record with 21 strikeouts in a nine-inning game. This year he whiffed 142 batters in 185 innings.



**DEANNE LAVATAI**  
Honolulu

Deanne, 10, won eight gold medals and one bronze and was named outstanding swimmer at the Sakamoto Invitational at Wahiawa. She set 10-and-under meet records in the 50-meter fly (34.99), 100 fly (1:17.4) and the 200 IM (2:51.65).



**LYNN LUCZKOWSKI**  
Normal, Conn.

Lynn, who graduated recently from Norwalk High, received credits for all of her school's undefeated softball team's 22 wins in pitching the Bears to the Class 1A state title. She had 191 strikeouts in 153 innings and an 0.34 ERA.



**EDWARD DELANO**  
Darien, Conn.

Delano, 75, a retired highway maintenance supervisor, completed his third transcontinental bicycle trip in 10 years when he pedaled 3,100 miles from Darien to his 50th reunion at Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic Institute in 34 days.



**ROY MCADAMS**  
Newville, N.Y.

McAdams, a senior at Hobart College, led the Statesmen to the NCAA Division III lacrosse title with a goal and an assist in his team's 11-8 win over the Cortland (N.Y.) State Red Dragons. He had 47 goals and 21 assists this season.



**PATSY NORMAN**  
El Paso

Patsy, a junior at El Paso High, set a girls' state record in the 1,600-meter run (4:56.5) at the Class AAAA state meet in Austin. She earlier won her second Texas girls' cross-country title with a time of 11:34 over a two-mile course.

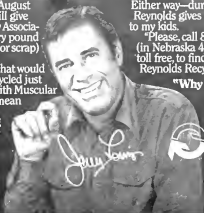


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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## OLD PARKS Sir

I am one of Papa Carl Leone's "boys" who keep watch over the rightfield bleachers at Wrigley Field and who read E.M. Swift's article on the "friendly confines" (*One Place That Haven't Seen the Light*, July 7) with great interest. A few comments.

• Ticket prices for the bleachers were raised for the 1980 season to \$2—still cheap but twice as high as in 1974. I guess someone has got to pay Bruce Sutler's salary.

• I do not subscribe to the theory that night baseball should be forever absent from Wrigley Field. Former Cub trainer Gary Nicholson recently was quoted as saying that day games do kill the Cubs late in the summer. I believe that the day games themselves aren't harmful, but that the constant schedule-shifting (from day games at home to mostly night games on the road) is. A limited twice-a-week night home schedule (which has been rumored for 1982) would certainly be beneficial to the players, not to mention profitable for the team.

• During an early June road trip, Cub management painted our rightfield benches, obliterating the names of those who sit there. We have replaced them, but it's occasionally been difficult for us to sit in our accustomed places this season. Papa Carl has been missing from the bleachers since May 6, owing to the death of his wife and to several illnesses that have kept him hospitalized until recently. None of these illnesses were crimed—though they may have been exacerbated—by the recent play of the Cubs. Happily, Carl came home from the hospital last week and is back in good health and fine form. We expect to have him back in his customary seat in the bleachers during the next home stand.

Cub management has been curiously negligent in recognizing Papa Carl for his 65 years of support. Last September, on Fan Appreciation Day, we (his "boys"—and the "girls" too) had our own Appreciation Day for him, presenting the Golden Splinter Award to Carl as the Cub's No. 1 fan. Many thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for recognizing one of the finest men it has been my privilege to know.

AL YELLOU  
Chicago

Sir:

Until I read *One Place That Haven't Seen the Light*, I never realized that the late Phil K. Wrigley was too cheap to improve his park or his team. Poor Cub fans! They go to the best ball park in the U.S. for watching games, and what do they get to see? A talentless team kept talentless by conservative owners, one

that is hopelessly locked in the second division with little to look forward to.

PAUL LOMTEVAS  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir:

My hat is off to Bernie Fuchs for his simply beautiful painting of Tiger Stadium. It portrays the true beauty of the stadium and shows the rest of America that there is something in Detroit that isn't run down.

PAUL VIRZAL  
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

## SPORTSMAN

Sir:

Concerning your article on Phil Weld's record-breaking singlehanded Atlantic crossing (*Prime of the Ancient Mariner*, July 7), close all nominations for Sportsman of the Year now. Weld is the man.

HENRY T. WIGGIN  
Brookline, Mass.

## SAY IT AIN'T SO, FRANK

Sir:

Never in my years of following sports and reading your magazine have I seen a more foolish piece of writing than Frank Deford's *A Karate Kick Delivers Few Kicks* (July 7). Everyone has the right to like or dislike any sport or movie or anything else. But to blame America's current problems on soccer, martial arts or any other sport is one of the most absurd things I've ever heard.

ALEX SELDIN  
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Sir:

I certainly hope that Frank Deford was not serious in his evaluation of soccer. "Soccer propagandists making Americans feel guilty?" Players "kicking and butting balls and/or one another?" Soccer "browbeating our youth?" "Our embassies and the dollar" affected by soccer? Soccer a "get-America conspiracy?" Where has he been the last decade? Soccer is the fastest-growing spectator sport in America.

KEN NEVILLE  
Georgetown, Texas

Sir:

Deford's statement that ever since soccer and karate have entered our country we have backslid, ending with our embassies being seized and our dollar devaluing, is ridiculous. This is just the attitude America can't afford to take. I don't know about anybody else, but I'm sure we can't blame our troubles on foreigners.

We got ourselves into this mess, only we can get ourselves out of it.

GEORGE FRANCIS  
Grants Pass, Ore.

## THEY'RE HIP Sir:

In mentioning Nick Weslock, the Canadian amateur who walked 72 holes in spite of an artificial hip, Barry McDermott displayed an altogether appropriate desire to extract more than just golf scores from the U.S. Senior Open (*Penchant for Pensioners*, July 7). It's too bad, though, that the writer's interest didn't go beyond Weslock: If it had, McDermott would have learned of Mickey Homa—formerly a touring pro and now a club pro in Fairfield, Conn.—who, like Weslock, made the cut but, unlike Weslock, walked the 72 holes on two artificial hips.

RON SULLIVAN  
Fairfield, Conn.

## JACK

Sir:

In response to a letter in the July 7 issue, you noted that the first of 19 Jack Nicklaus covers was dated Sept. 12, 1960. At that time I was just beginning a new school year as sports editor of the *Arlingtonian*, the newspaper of Upper Arlington (Ohio) High School, Jack's alma mater. As that first cover picture appeared I was reviewing past issues of the *Arlingtonian* and came across a "meet the athlete" feature about Jack written in 1956. I have never forgotten what it said. In the best tradition of high school journalism, the author had ended by saying, "And who knows, some day we may see Jackie's picture on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."

BOR MILLER  
Buffalo, Wyo.

## QUALITY TRAINING

Sir:

I enjoyed reading Kenny Moore's article on Sebastian Coe (*A Hard and Supple Man*, June 23) but as John Walker's coach, I would like to point out that his reference in John's 100 to 120 miles a week gives readers a totally false impression of his training.

While John has on rare occasions run 100 miles per week, his average mileage for a buildup has never exceeded 85 miles per week and his average mileage before his leg injury had usually been between 65 and 85 miles per week.

Thus, Walker has always concentrated on quality rather than quantity, and in this respect he is similar to Coe, though of course their programmes differ in many respects.

ARCH JELLEY  
Auckland, New Zealand

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